



JUNE  
NO. 184  
10c

**POW-WOW SMITH**  
INDIAN LAWMAN



# Detective COMICS

**BATMAN and ROBIN**  
FACE A NEW  
MENACE—

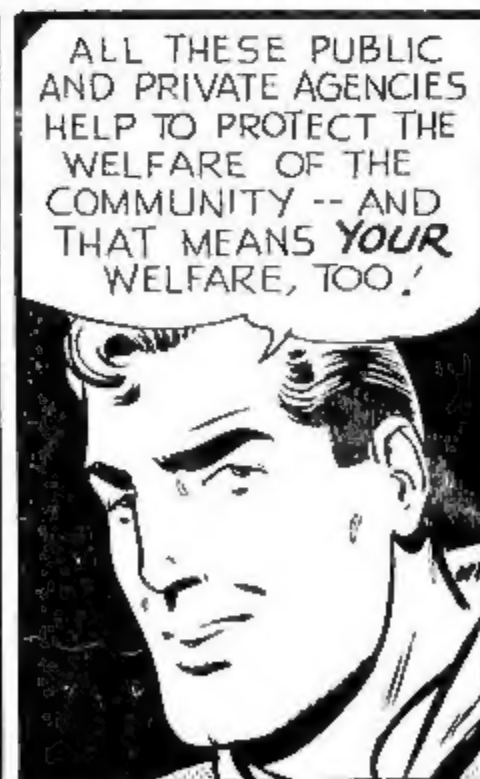
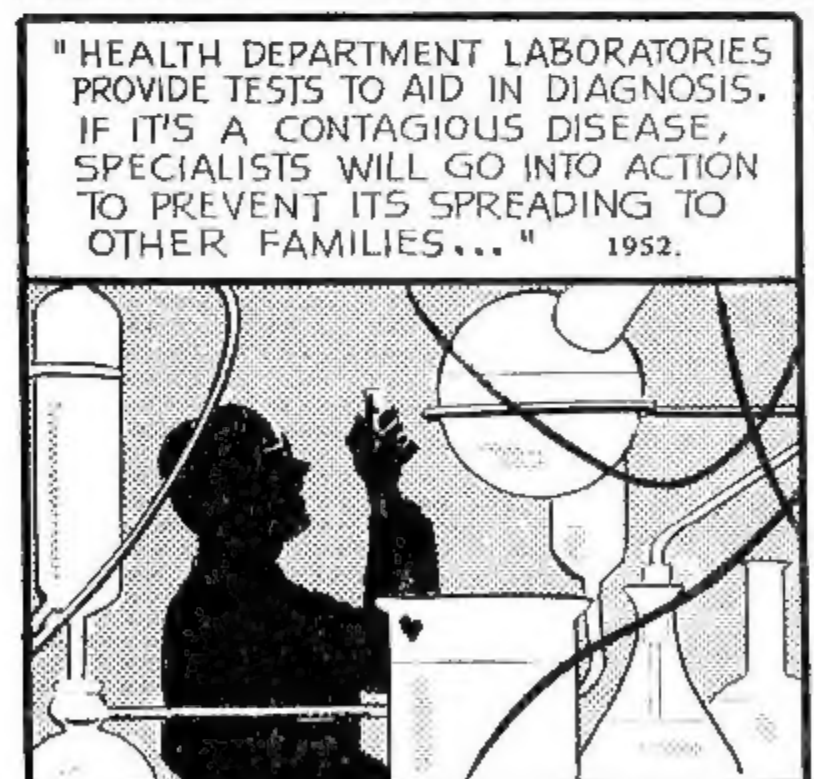
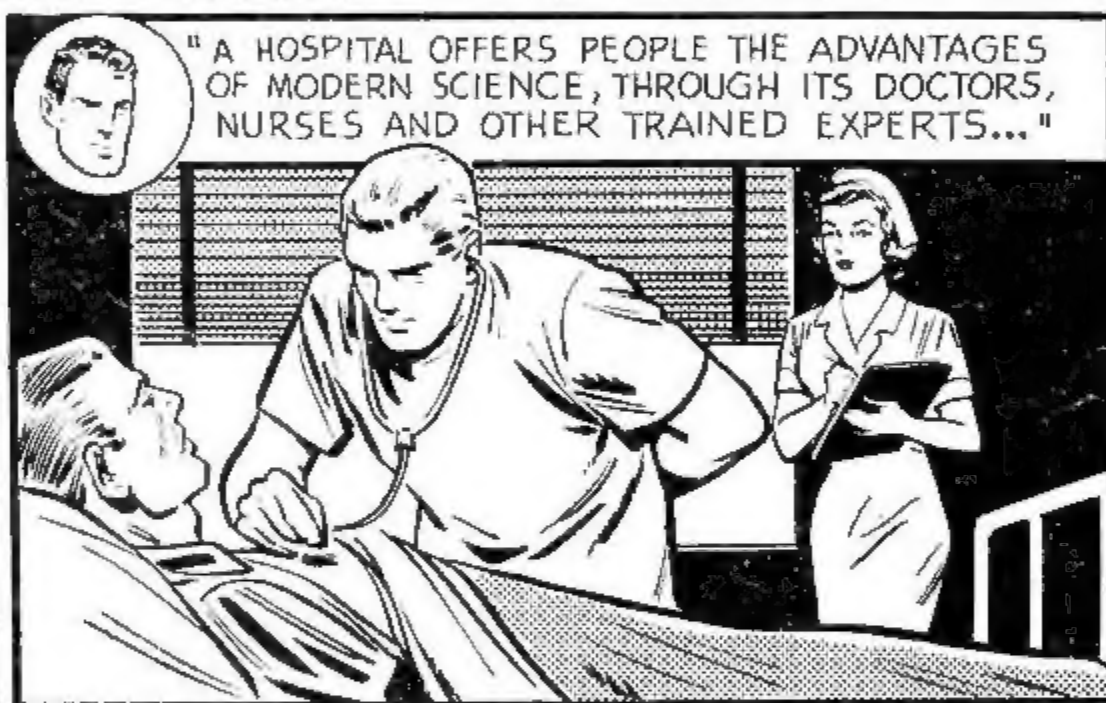
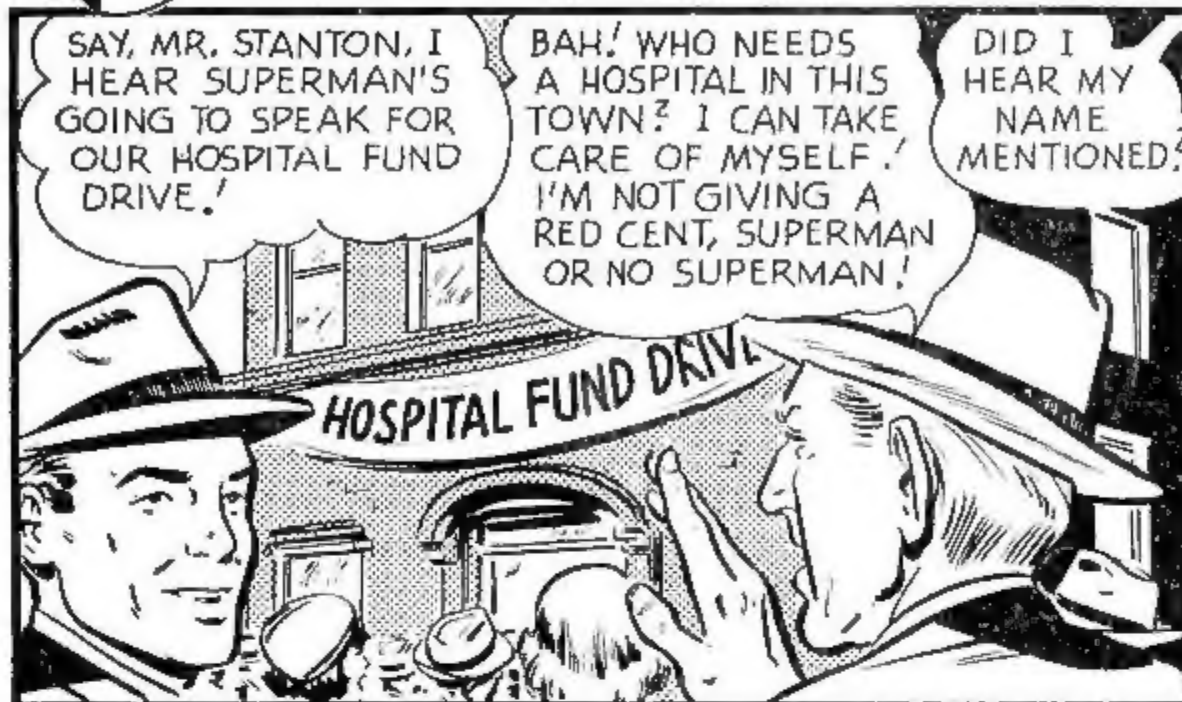
*The Man of  
1,000 Lights—*

IN  
**"THE HUMAN  
FIREFLY!"**





# SUPERMAN says: "Hop on the WELFARE WAGON!"



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# BATMAN

With  
**ROBIN**  
THE BOY WONDER

## THE FIREFLY...

HARMLESS LITTLE CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, WHOSE PALE, COLD LIGHT HAS BAFFLED SCIENTISTS FOR CENTURIES! BUT NOT SO INNOCENT IS ITS **HUMAN** COUNTERPART--A NEW AND TERRIBLE NAME IN CRIME ANNALS--WHOSE AMAZING KNOWLEDGE OF FANTASTIC LIGHTING EFFECTS PROVIDES A SEEMINGLY UNBEATABLE WEAPON AGAINST ANY AND ALL WHO DARE CHALLENGE HIM... UNTIL **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**, GRIM AND GALLANT PURSUERS OF EVILDOERS, SWOOP DOWN FROM THE NIGHT TO COMBAT THE MAN OF 1,000 LIGHTS, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS...

## "The HUMAN FIREFLY!"





A GREAT THROG GATHERS AT THE HUGE GOTHAM THEATER TO SEE THE TOWN'S NEWEST MUSICAL SENSATION, "AQUA-MELODIES OF 1952."

WELL! BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON!

GOOD EVENING, MR. AND MRS. CHADWYCKE!

I THOUGHT **NOTHING** COULD LURE BRUCE AWAY FROM THE COMFORTABLE TOWN CLUBS, DICK-- BUT I GUESS A GOOD MUSICAL CAN DO THE TRICK!

"GOOD MUSICAL." HMPF! I'D RATHER HAVE SEEN A WESTERN MOVIE!

INFLUENTIAL FRIENDS WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO GET US THESE TICKETS, DICK! BESIDES, IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A REALLY GOOD SHOW! SHH-- I THINK IT'S CURTAIN TIME!

MEANWHILE, IN THE LIGHTING-EFFECTS CONTROL BOOTH, A SINISTER PLOT TAKES SHAPE...

I AM **MERELY** GARFIELD LYNN, WORLD'S FOREMOST LIGHTING-EFFECTS GENIUS! YES, I EXIST ON A MEAGER SALARY WHILE THOSE IDIOTS IN THE AUDIENCE COME HERE IN THEIR LIMOUSINES, THEIR FUR COATS--FLASHING RARE GEMS!

BUT WE'LL FIX 'EM TONIGHT, BOSS! DA BOYS HAVE ALL DESE URSERS' SUITS-- LIKE YA WANTED, AN' THEY'LL BE STANDIN' WHERE YA TOLD 'EM. IT'S ALL SET!

THEN, WITH A CRASH OF MUSIC, THE CURTAIN GOES UP ON "AQUA-MELODIES OF 1952!"

THIS SCENE IS "BALLET OF THE DEEP!" TRICKY LIGHTING EFFECTS MAKE IT APPEAR TO BE UNDER WATER! REALISTIC, ISN'T IT?

I'LL SAY! AIR BUBBLES AND ALL!

SUDDENLY, BRILLIANT DANCING LIGHTS OF RED, ORANGE AND YELLOW PLAY THROUGH THE MOCK UNDER-WATER FOREST-- AND EVEN TO THOSE UP CLOSE RESEMBLES A REAL **FIRE**!

**FIRE! FIRE!**

**THE STAGE IS ON FIRE!**



THE PANIC SPREADS TO THE AUDIENCE...

THAT'S NO REAL "FIRE," DICK! NOTICE--THERE'S NO SMOKE!

MAYBE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** CAN DO SOMETHING--BEFORE THESE PEOPLE KILL EACH OTHER IN A STAMPEDE!



A SURREPTITIOUS CHANGE OF COSTUME, AND TWO WINGED-LIKE FIGURES SWING TOWARD THE STAGE, SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE FIERY GLOW...

PHONEY FIRE IS RIGHT, **BATMAN**! BUT IT'S AMAZING--HOW THOSE MOVING LIGHTS MAKE IT APPEAR REAL--EVEN UP THIS CLOSE!

THERE'S A MICROPHONE IN THE WINGS! GET IT ON-STAGE--**FAST!**



ABOVE THE DIN AND CLAMOR, **BATMAN'S** VOICE RINGS OUT, MOMENTARILY QUIETING THE FRANTIC CROWD...

ATTENTION! THERE'S NO FIRE! IT'S ONLY TRICK LIGHTING! SEE? IT HAS NO EFFECT ON US!



**BATMAN'S** RIGHT! IT'S NOT A REAL FIRE! IT'S A TRICK!

BUT THEN, A NEW TYPE OF PANIC STRIKES!

MY JEWELS! EEEEEK! THEY'RE GONE!

COME ON, **ROBIN**! THAT'S THE REASON FOR THE FAKE FIRE--IT WAS A CAMOUFLAGE TO COVER UP ROBBERIES OF THE AUDIENCE!

MINE, TOO!

AND MY PURSE IS MISSING!



RUNNING TOWARD THE MAIN EXIT, THE **DARING DUO** THWARTS THE CRIMINALS' ESCAPE...

USHERS! USHERING OUT THE STOLEN LOOT!

I RECOGNIZE LINKY THOMAS--FORMER "USHER" IN THE BIG HOUSE! GOING SOMEWHERE, LINKY?

ULLLPS! **BATMAN** AND THE KID, **ROBIN**!



WHROMP!

I'LL TALK, **BATMAN**! I'LL TALK! WE'RE JUS' HIRED HANDS ON THIS ONE! THE BIG BOSS IS--IS-- I--I'M SHOT!

SOMEONE GOT LINKY FROM THE EXIT CORRIDOR--AND THERE GOES THE SOMEONE DOWN THE STAIRS!



BLAM!







SECONDS LATER, THE RIVER'S CURRENT CARRIES GARFIELD LYNN'S FAR DOWNSTREAM...

HA! SO A SIMPLE LITTLE **FIREFLY** SAVED ME! ITS LIGHT LURED **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** OFF MY TRAIL! HA, HA! A REAL TWIST OF FATE! PERHAPS THAT'S MY LUCKY SYMBOL...**THE FIREFLY!**

FOR CENTURIES THAT LITTLE FELLOW HAS BAFFLED SCIENCE! LIKE ME, IT IS A **LIGHTING** GENIUS! AND NOW--IT SAVED MY LIFE! HA! WHAT AN INSPIRATION IT HAS GIVEN ME! GARFIELD LYNN'S IS GONE--FOREVER! BUT IN HIS PLACE IS ONE THEY SHALL **NEVER** FORGET!... ONE WHOM THEY SHALL KNOW AS **THE FIREFLY!**

TWO WEEKS LATER, IN A GOTHAM CITY APARTMENT...

I SEE THERE'S STILL NO SIGN OF GARFIELD LYNN'S. TOO BAD THAT HE GOT AWAY THAT NIGHT--WHEN WE WERE SO CLOSE TO NAILING HIM!

DON'T REMIND ME OF IT! I STILL FEEL SILLY GETTING FOOLED BY A COMMON LITTLE FIREFLY! ANYWAY, THEY HAVE LYNN'S FACE ON ALL THE POLICE POSTERS! THEY'LL GET HIM--SOONER OR LATER!

BUT MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE GOTHAM CITY, IN A CAVE SITUATED BENEATH A BARN...

HA! NEARLY COMPLETED! FOR YEARS I'VE USED THIS CAVE FOR SECRET LIGHTING EXPERIMENTS! NOW COMES MY MASTERPIECE!... SOMETHING NO OTHER MORTAL HAS DREAMED OF! HA, HA!



NO IDLE WORDS ARE THESE, FOR THAT NIGHT AT THE GOTHAM CITY MUSEUM...





INSIDE...

TWO VAN RHON'S AND TWO VERNIER'S LOANED BY THE LOUVRE. THESE FOUR PAINTINGS, COMBINED, ARE WORTH NEARLY A MILLION DOLLARS!

THEY'RE BRILLIANT-- BEAUTIFUL! AND VAN RHON'S COLORS HAVE BEEN EQUALLED BY FEW OF THE GREAT MASTERS!



CLOSING TIME, FOLKS! EVERYBODY MUST LEAVE THE MUSEUM NOW!

BUT NOT BEFORE MY LITTLE GAME IS IN EFFECT! I HEREBY INTRODUCE MY BLEACH LIGHT, BAFFLER OF BAFFLERS!



WHAT THE GUARD SAW BEFORE THE LIGHT...

AS THE FIREFLY PRESSES A BUTTON ON HIS BELT, A STREAM OF LIGHT, UNSEEN BY THE GUARD, PLAYS OVER THE PAINTINGS-- AND THE EFFECT IS TO ROB THE MASTERPIECES OF THEIR COLOR...



AND WHAT HE SEES AS THE LIGHT IS PLAYED ON THE PAINTINGS...



THE GUARD FIRST PULLS A SWITCH, THEN BLOWS ON A WHISTLE, ALERTING THE OTHERS...

THEY'LL NOT GET AWAY! THIS ALARM REGISTERS AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AND NOW...



FOR A BRIEF MOMENT OR TWO, THE EXHIBIT ROOM IS LEFT "EMPTY"-- BUT THEN, FIGURES SPRING FROM HIDING PLACES...

GREAT GUNS! THE PAINTINGS HAVE BEEN REPLACED WITH SOME ORDINARY BLACK AND WHITE ONES RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE! THE ORIGINALS, IN COLOR, HAVE BEEN **STOLEN**!

OF ALL THE NERVE-- SUSPECTING ME!

I'LL SPEAK TO THE DIRECTOR ABOUT THIS! IMAGINE-- EVEN **SUGGESTING** THAT I WOULD **STEAL**!

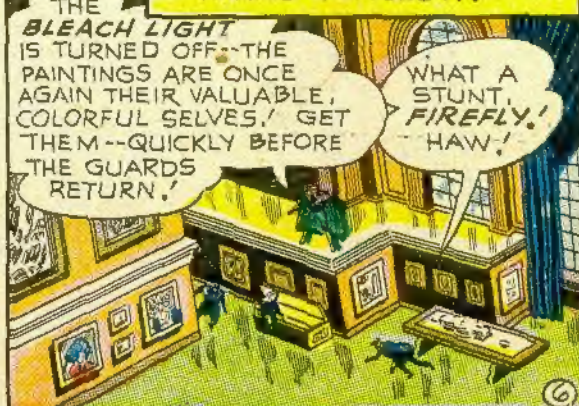
SORRY--BUT THESE ARE ORDERS, SIR! THERE WON'T BE ANY ACTUAL SEARCHING OF PERSONS--AN ELECTRIC RAY WILL REVEAL IF THE CANVASES ARE ROLLED UP AND HIDDEN UNDER ANYONE'S CLOTHES!



AS ALL VISITORS ARE ROUNDED UP...

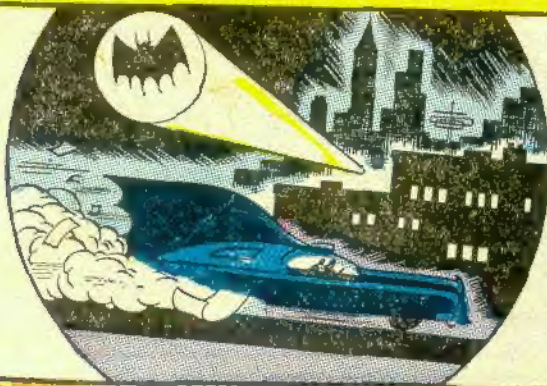
THE BLEACH LIGHT IS TURNED OFF--THE PAINTINGS ARE ONCE AGAIN THEIR VALUABLE, COLORFUL SELVES! GET THEM--QUICKLY BEFORE THE GUARDS RETURN!

WHAT A STUNT, FIREFLY! HAW!





PRESENTLY, IN RESPONSE TO THE ALARM TRANSMITTED TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THE EERIE **BAT-SIGNAL** STABS THE SKY, SUMMONING THE DYNAMIC DUO TO THE SCENE IN THEIR POWERFUL **BATMOBILE!**



MEANWHILE...



NOT JUST "ABOUT" THROUGH... BUT COMPLETELY FINISHED!

THOSE TWO AGAIN! HA, HA! THIS TIME I'M PREPARED!



RUNNING SWIFTLY INTO THE MUSEUM'S "ROOM OF CRYSTALS", THE MAN OF 1,000 LIGHTS PASSES ANOTHER BUTTON ON HIS BELT AND PULLS A DAZZLING SURPRISE ON HIS PURSUERS...

LIKE LITTLE BOYS ON A SUMMER NIGHT, YOU'D PURSUE **THE FIREFLY**, EH? HA, HA! HERE'S "LIGHT" IN YOUR EYE, **BATMAN**, A BRILLIANT RED THAT BLINDS THE FOOLISH!

UH-- CAN'T SEE...



**ROBIN!** HERE! GET TWO OF THESE BLUE CRYSTAL PIECES FROM ONE OF THOSE DISPLAY CASES!



NOW, QUICKLY, SECURE THEM UNDER YOUR MASK-- OVER YOUR EYES! THEY'LL SERVE AS **PROTECTORS** AGAINST THE GLARE!

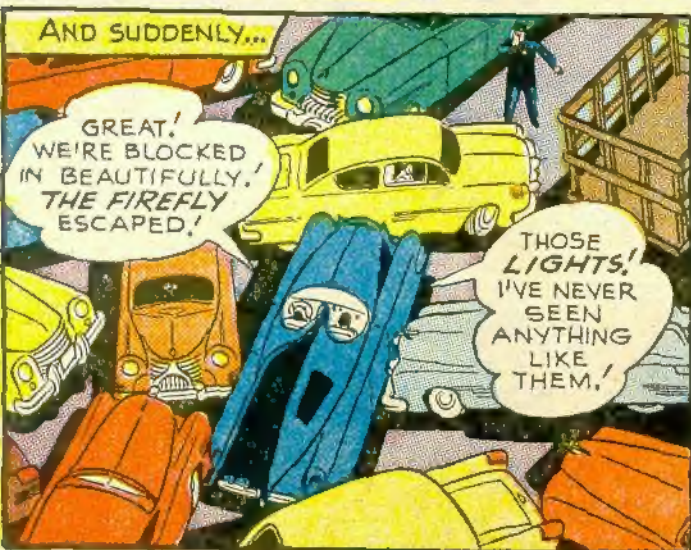
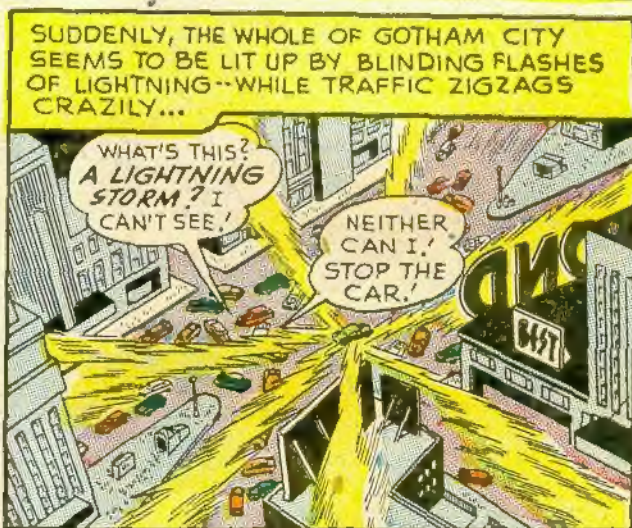
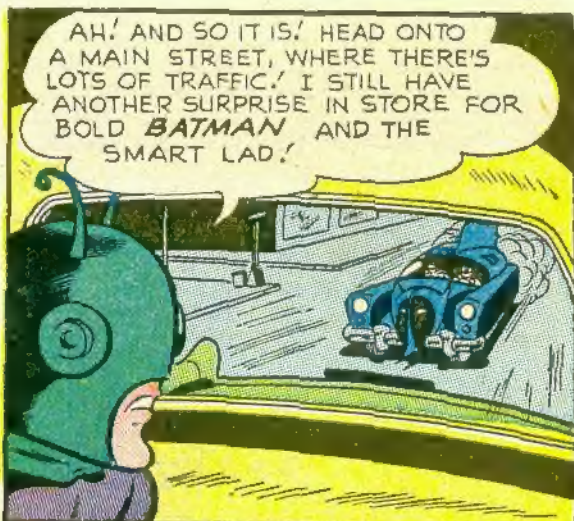
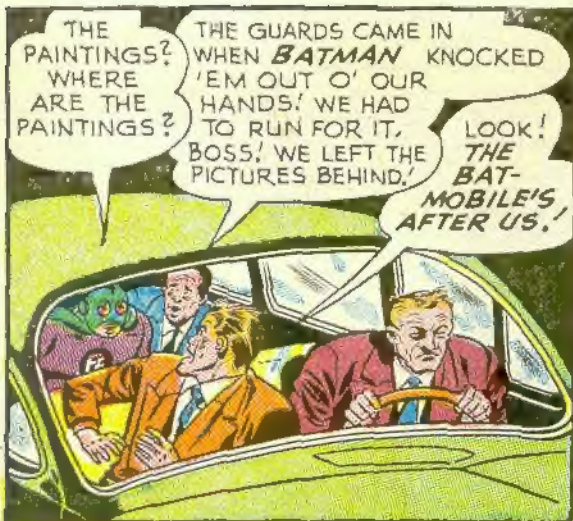


**BAM!** MY LIGHT IS USELESS NOW! ESCAPE IS QUITE IMPOSSIBLE!

THERE HE GOES!

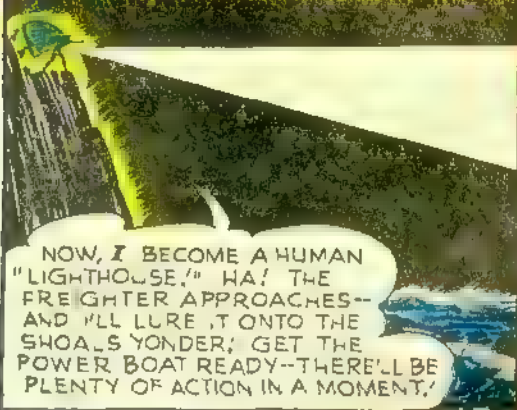




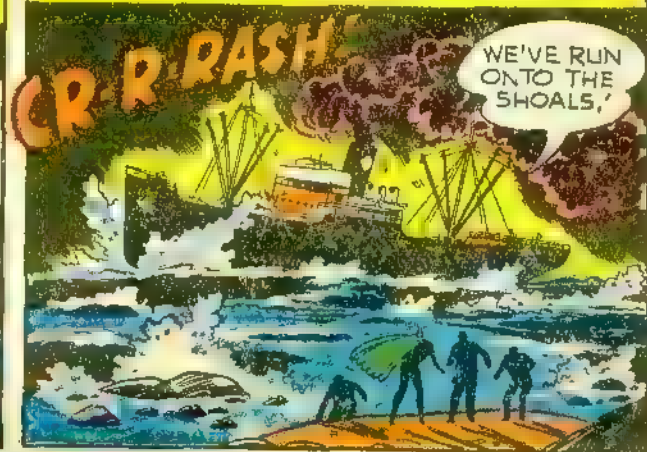




SUDDENLY, FROM THE AMAZING BELT, A BRILLIANT BEAM PENETRATES THE DARKNESS ABOVE THE WATERS...



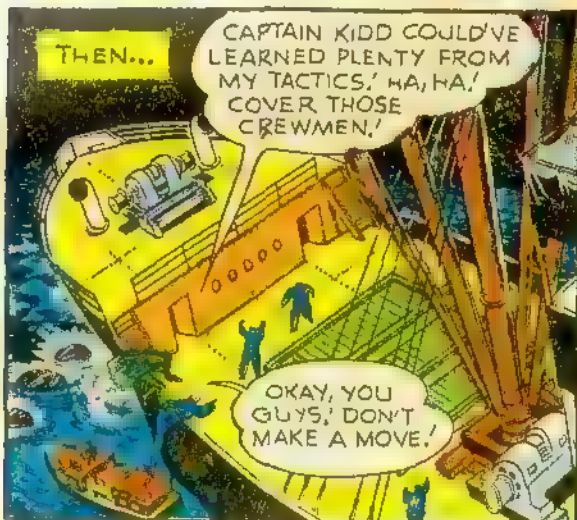
DECEIVED BY THE FALSE BEACON, THE SHIP CRASHES!



THEN...

CAPTAIN KIDD COULDN'T LEARNED KIDD COULD'VE LEARNED PLENTY FROM MY TACTICS! HA, HA! COVER THOSE CREWMEN!

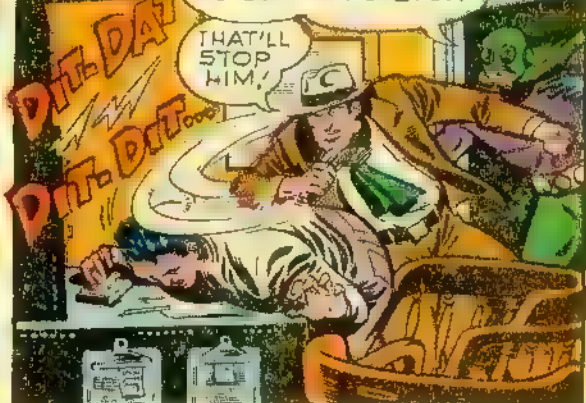
OKAY, YOU GUYS, DON'T MAKE A MOVE!



AN INSTANT LATER, IN THE SHIP'S RADIO ROOM...

THAT IDOT'S TRYING TO SEND AN S.O.S.!

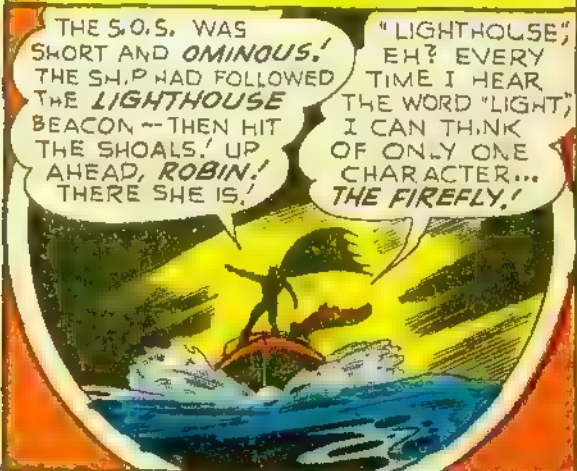
THAT'LL STOP HIM!



BUT THE SIGNAL HAS ALREADY RACED OUT OVER THE ETHER WAVES, AND...

THE S.O.S. WAS SHORT AND OMINOUS! THE SHIP HAD FOLLOWED THE LIGHTHOUSE BEACON--THEN HIT THE SHOALS! UP AHEAD, ROBIN! THERE SHE IS!

"LIGHTHOUSE" EH? EVERY TIME I HEAR THE WORD "LIGHT," I CAN THINK OF ONLY ONE CHARACTER... THE FIREFLY!



YA-A-A-A! WE BEEN UPSET! LOOK OUT!





AMID THE CONFUSION ONE FIGURE QUICKLY MAKES HIS WAY DOWNSHORE AND SCRAMBLES UPON THE ROCKY BEACH...



THOSE TWO--  
BLAST THEM!  
THEY'VE DONE  
IT AGAIN--  
RUINED MY  
PLANS!

NOW  
THEY FOLLOW  
ME! HA! WON'T  
THEY LEARN THE  
FOLLY OF PURSUING  
THE **FIREFLY**? WELL--  
LET THEM COME!  
I AM NOT  
UNPREPARED!



INSIDE THE  
LIGHTHOUSE...

THE END OF THE  
CHASE! THERE  
HE IS BELOW!

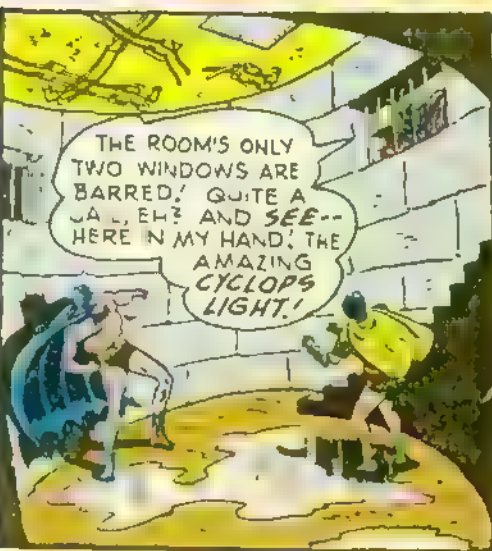
AND NOW--  
THE LIGHT GOES  
OUT ON THE  
**FIREFLY**!



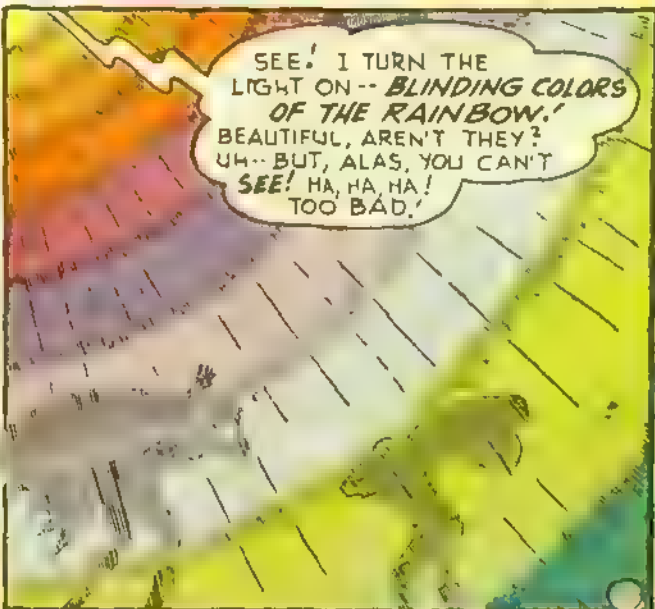
HA, HA! MERELY MY **CAPE**  
WHICH YOU SAW BELOW, **BATMAN**!  
YOU ARE IN THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE  
STOREROOM, FROM WHICH THERE IS  
NO ESCAPE! NOW--I'LL SHOW  
YOU SOMETHING...



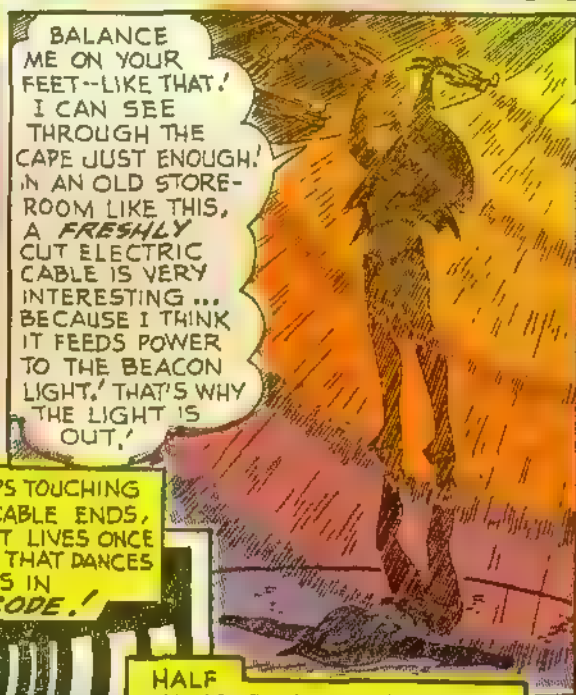
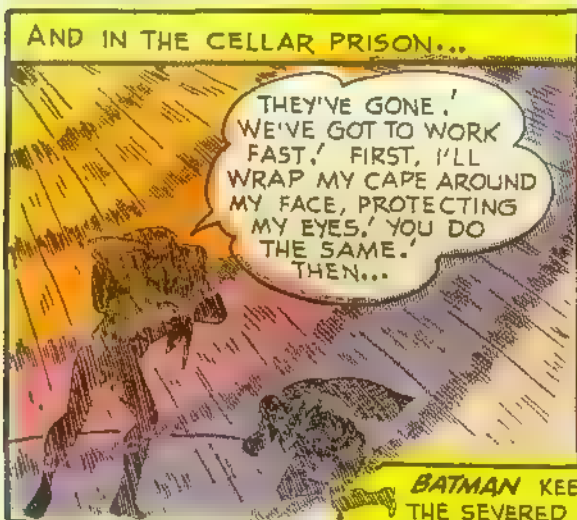
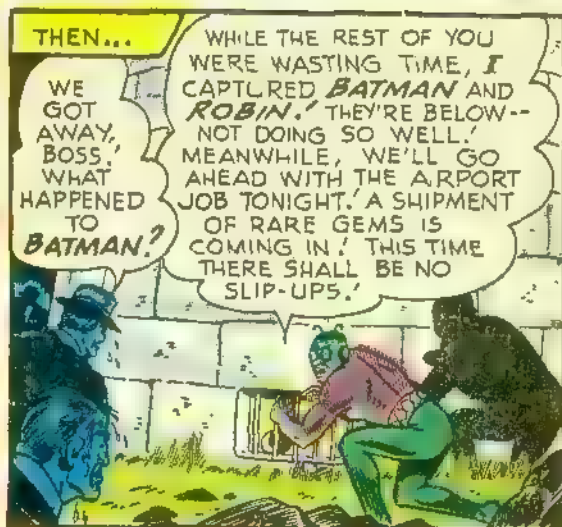
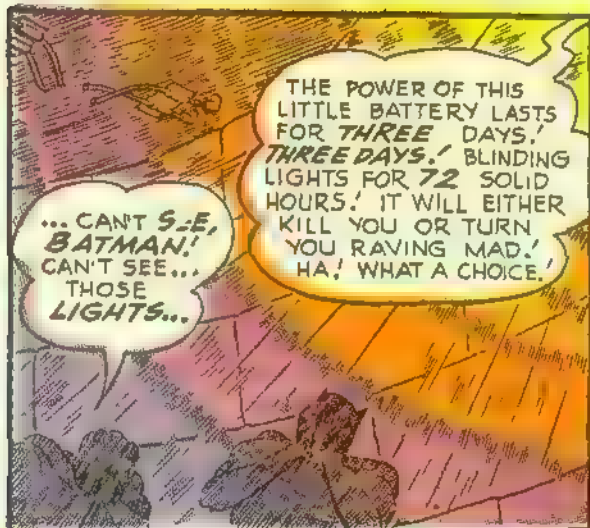
THE ROOM'S ONLY  
TWO WINDOWS ARE  
BARRED! QUITE A  
JA-L, EH? AND **SEE**--  
HERE IN MY HAND! THE  
AMAZING **CYCLOPS**  
LIGHT!



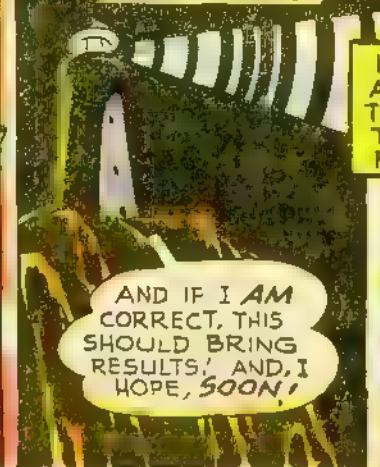
SEE! I TURN THE  
LIGHT ON-- **BLINDING COLORS**  
**OF THE RAINBOW!**  
BEAUTIFUL, AREN'T THEY?  
UH-- BUT, ALAS, YOU CAN'T  
**SEE!** HA, HA, HA!  
TOO BAD!







**BATMAN** KEEPS TOUCHING THE SEVERED CABLE ENDS, AND ABOVE, A LIGHT LIVES ONCE MORE ... A LIGHT THAT DANCES OVER THE WATERS IN **MORSE CODE!**



**HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE STEEL TRAP DOOR IS OPENED, AND TWO NEARLY-BLINDED FIGURES ARE LED OUT...**





AND THEN...

THE **FIREFLY** SAID HE HAD A DATE AT THE AIRPORT... WITH A SHIPMENT OF **GEMS** BEING FLOWN IN! VERY WELL, FIRST I'LL MAKE A PHONE CALL! THEN WE'RE GETTING THE **BATPLANE**-- AND WE'RE TAKING THIS LITTLE GIMMICK WITH US-- THE **CYCLOPS LIGHT**!

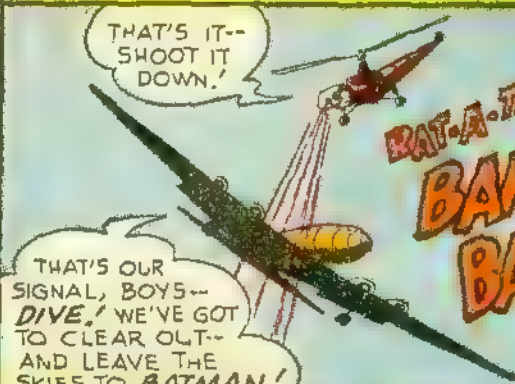


ALMOST AN HOUR LATER, A CARGO CRAFT SPEEDS TOWARD THE GOTHAM AIRPORT WHEN ABRUPTLY, FROM ABOVE, APPEARS AN **AUTOGYRO**--MACHINE GUNS BLAZING!

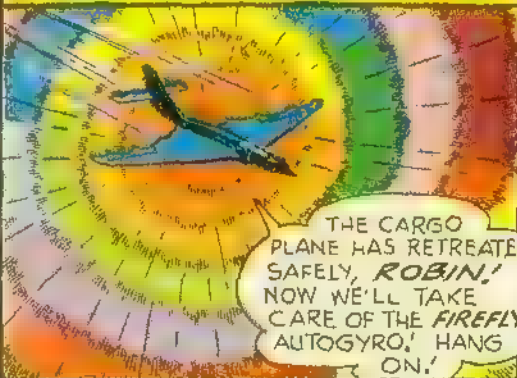
THAT'S IT-- SHOOT IT DOWN!

**BAT-A-TAT-TAT!**  
**BAM!**  
**BAM!**

THAT'S OUR SIGNAL, BOYS-- **DIVE!** WE'VE GOT TO CLEAR OUT-- AND LEAVE THE SKIES TO **BATMAN**!



SUDDENLY, THE **BATPLANE** APPEARS-- FEARSOME THING OF THE NIGHT HEAVENS-- ACCOMPANIED BY SPIRALING, BLINDING LIGHTS OF THE RAINBOW!



THE CARGO PLANE HAS RETREATED SAFELY, **ROBIN**! NOW WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE **FIREFLY'S** **AUTOGYRO**! HANG ON!

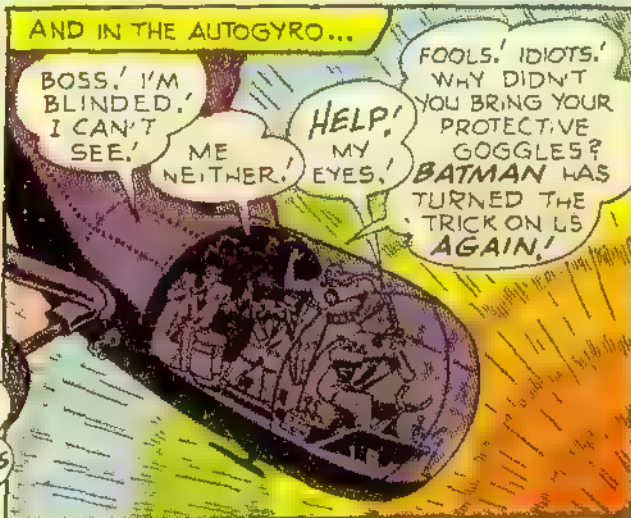
AND IN THE **AUTOGYRO**...

BOSS! I'M BLINDED! I CAN'T SEE!

ME NEITHER!

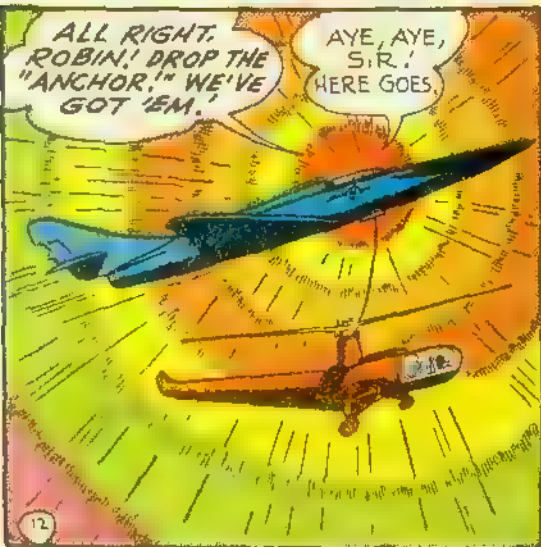
HELP! MY EYES!

FOOLS! IDIOTS! WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING YOUR PROTECTIVE GOGGLES? **BATMAN** HAS TURNED THE TRICK ON US AGAIN!



ALL RIGHT, **ROBIN**! DROP THE "ANCHOR," WE'VE GOT 'EM!

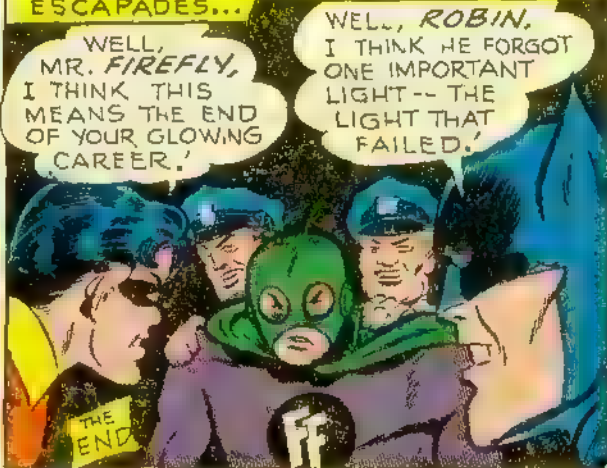
AYE, AYE, SIR! HERE GOES.



THEN, TEN MINUTES LATER, THE LAW SAYS FINIS TO THE **FIREFLY'S** BIZARRE ESCAPADES...

WELL, MR. **FIREFLY**, I THINK THIS MEANS THE END OF YOUR GLOWING CAREER!

WELL, **ROBIN**, I THINK HE FORGOT ONE IMPORTANT LIGHT-- THE LIGHT THAT FAILED!

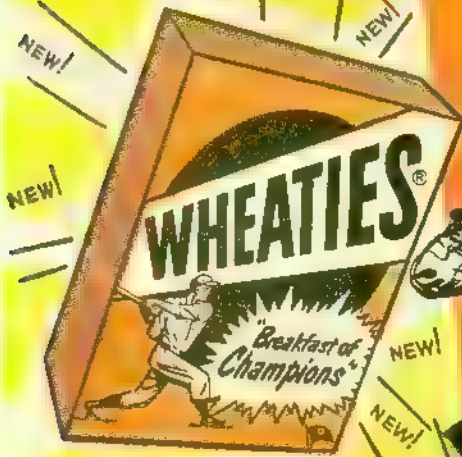




Champion Big League  
Slugger

What  
sparks a  
Champion  
sparks  
you!

AND CHAMPIONS CHOOSE WHEATIES!



Take a tip from  
the Champions-try  
NEW super-flaked  
Wheaties!

I GO FOR THE  
NEW WHEATIES IN  
A GREAT BIG WAY!

BOB LEMON

NEW WHEATIES ARE THE  
BEST WHEATIES  
I'VE EVER EATEN!

ROY CAMPANELLA

NEW WHEATIES  
ARE BETTER THAN  
EVER!

LARRY "YOGI" BERRA

NEW WHEATIES SURE TOP  
ANY CEREAL I'VE  
EVER EATEN!

PREACHER ROY

Some wonderful  
energy for you in  
new Wheaties because...



There's a whole kernel  
of wheat in every  
Wheaties flake!

Breakfast of Champions!



# CASE OF THE CROSSED-UP CAR CROOK

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

MY CAR!  
STOP THIEF!

I'LL RUN TO  
THE STATE POLICE  
BARRACKS  
FOR HELP

AND I'LL TAKE THE  
SHORT CUT TO THE  
DRAWBRIDGE. MAYBE  
WE CAN HEAD HIM  
OFF!



JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS  
SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL  
SPEED LONGER!

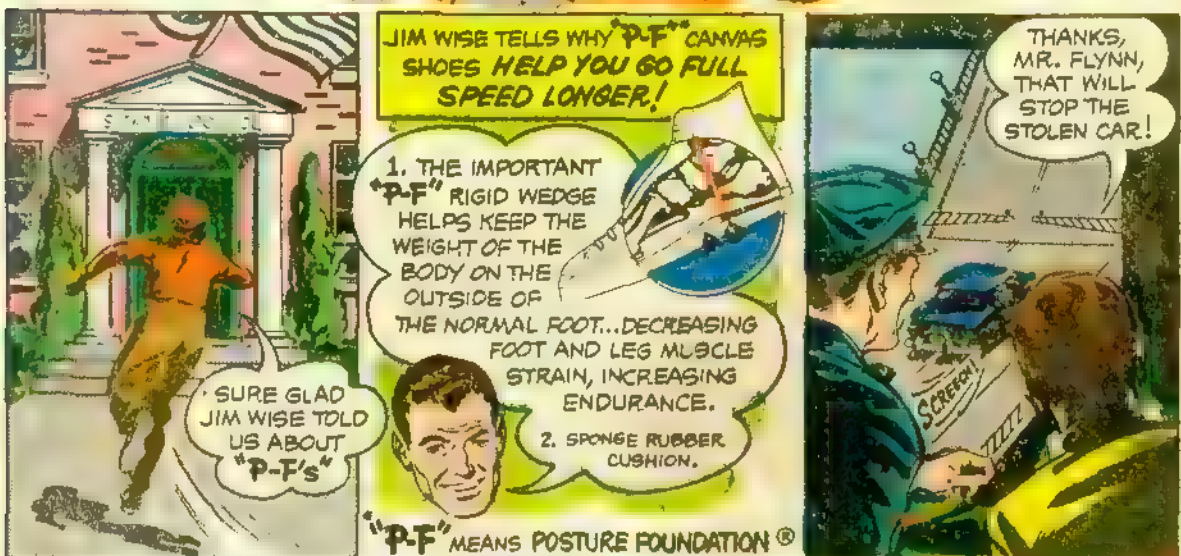
1. THE IMPORTANT  
"P-F" RIGID WEDGE  
HELPS KEEP THE  
WEIGHT OF THE  
BODY ON THE  
OUTSIDE OF  
THE NORMAL FOOT...DECREASING  
FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE  
STRAIN, INCREASING  
ENDURANCE.

2. SPONGE RUBBER  
CUSHION.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION®

SURE GLAD  
JIM WISE TOLD  
US ABOUT  
"P-F's"

THANKS,  
MR. FLYNN,  
THAT WILL  
STOP THE  
STOLEN CAR!



THAT WAS  
MIGHTY FAST  
ACTION,  
BOYS!

LUCKY WE  
WERE WEARING  
OUR "P-F's"

THEY HELPED  
US RUN AT  
OUR BEST  
ALL THE WAY

TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS  
SHOES TODAY AND SEE  
FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

... LESSEN FOOT AND  
LEG MUSCLE STRAIN  
... INCREASE ENDURANCE  
... YOU GO FULL SPEED  
LONGER





# IMPOSSIBLE- BUT TRUE

THEY ALL LAUGHED WHEN HE FIRST SAT DOWN AND SAID HE COULD MAKE THE RAIN FALL! BUT THEY STOPPED LAUGHING WHEN THEY GOT DRENCHED! IT WAS NO LAUGHING MATTER EITHER WHEN HE THREATENED TO MAKE THE LIGHTNING STRIKE AND THE EARTH QUAKE! IMPOSSIBLE? THAT'S WHAT ROY RAYMOND SAID. BUT WHEN HE CAME FACE TO FACE WITH...

## THE MAN WHO CONTROLLED THE ELEMENTS!



ONE DAY, AS WORRIED FARMERS OF PARCHED DOUTH COUNTY DROVE INTO TOWN AT THE HEIGHT OF THE DROUGHT...

WHAT'S THE WEATHER MAN GOT TO SAY, HANK?

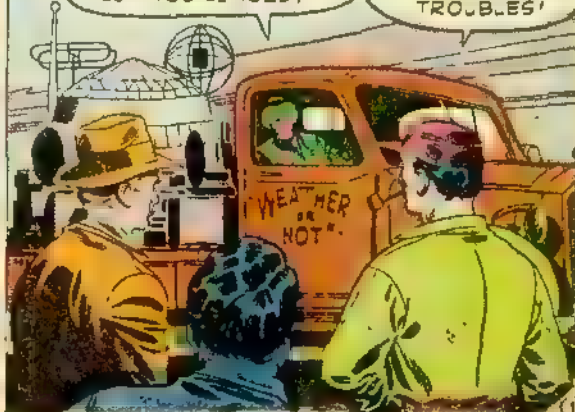
WE'RE SUNK! NO RAIN IN SIGHT! OUR CROPS WILL BE RUINED!



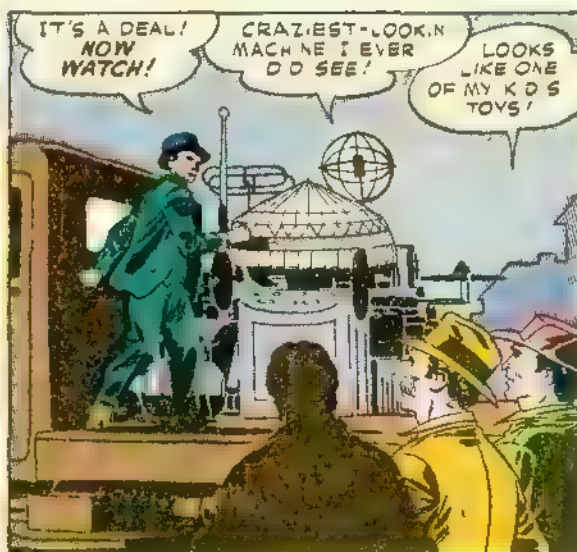
AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

IF RAIN IS ALL YOU FELLAS WANT, JUST TELL ME HOW MUCH YOU'LL NEED!

JUST LIKE SOME PEOPLE... LAUGH N' AT OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES!



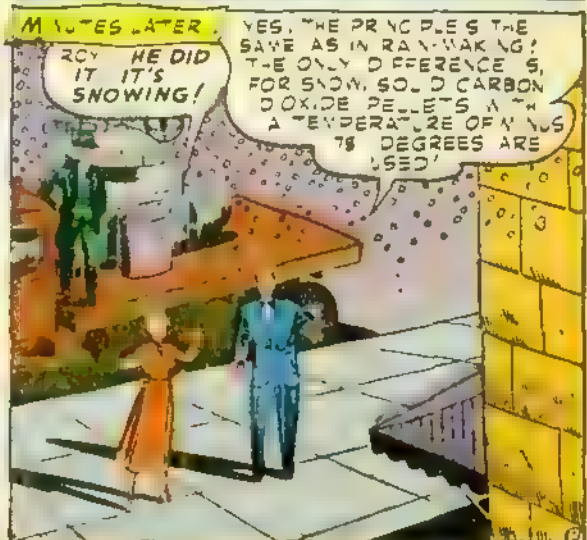
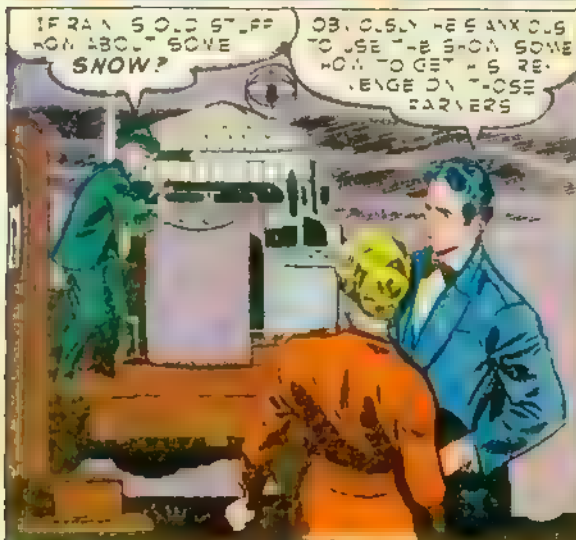
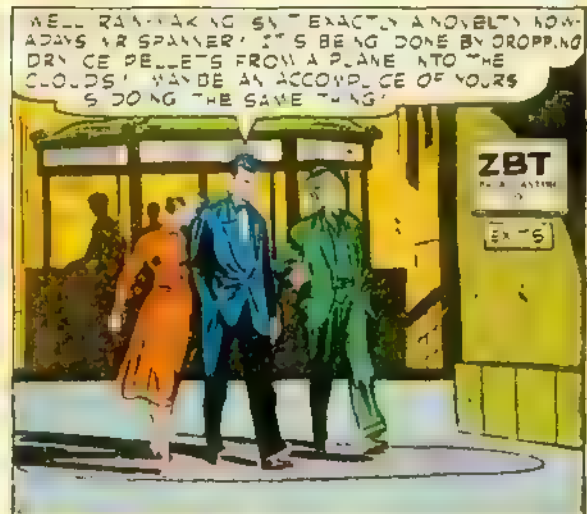
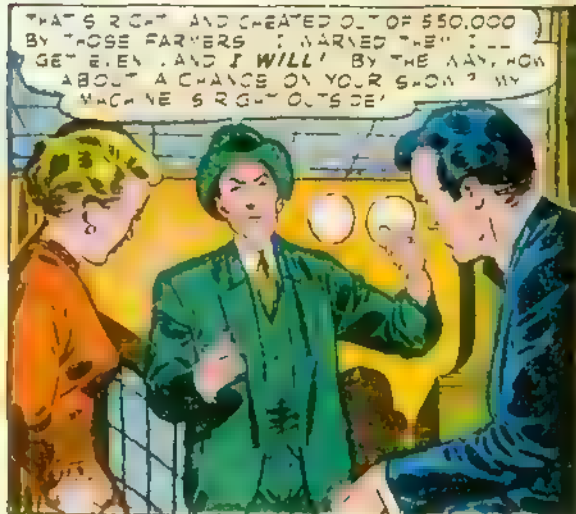




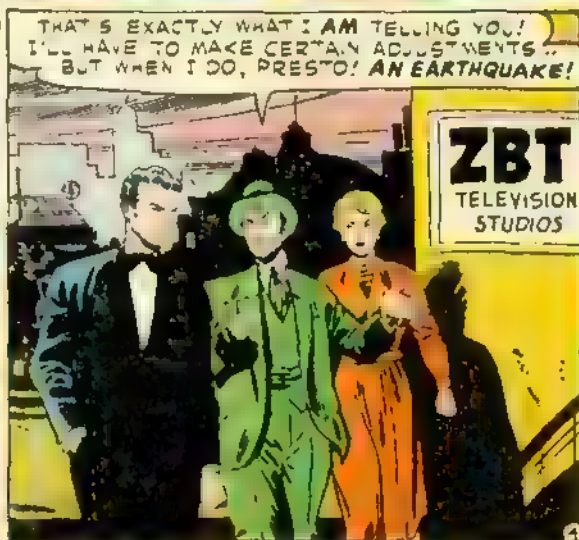
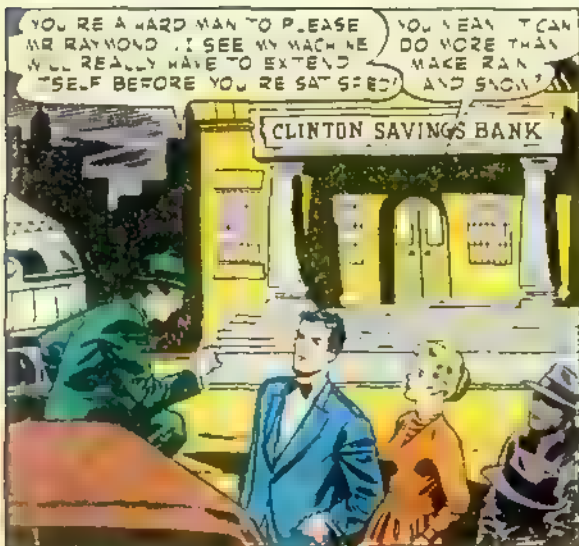
SIX MONTHS LATER, AS ROY RAYMOND, PRODUCER OF THE TELEVISION SHOW, IMPOSSIBLE... BUT TRUE, INTERVIEWS A HOPEFUL APPLICANT.



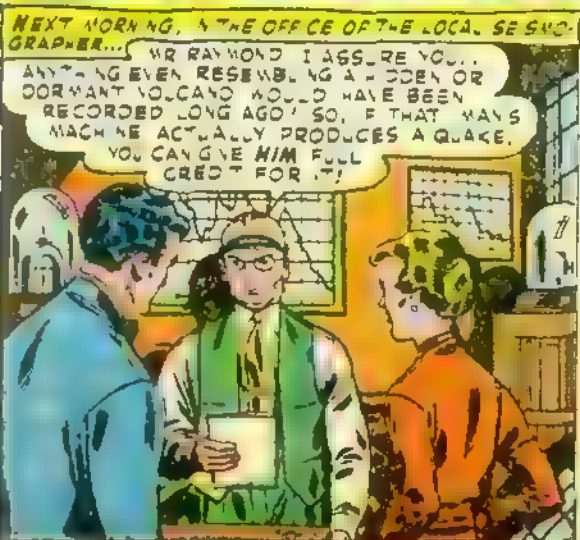
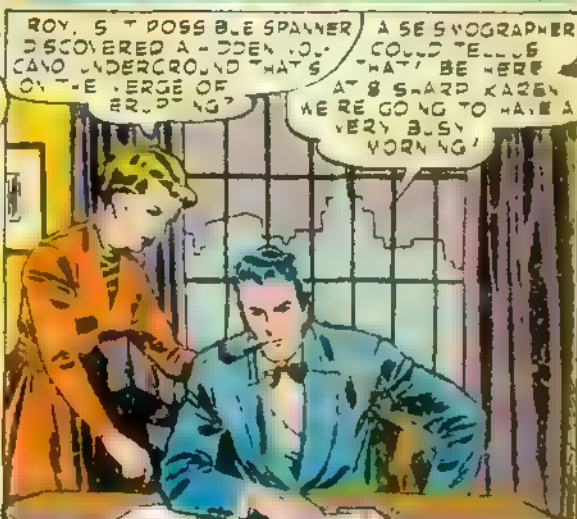
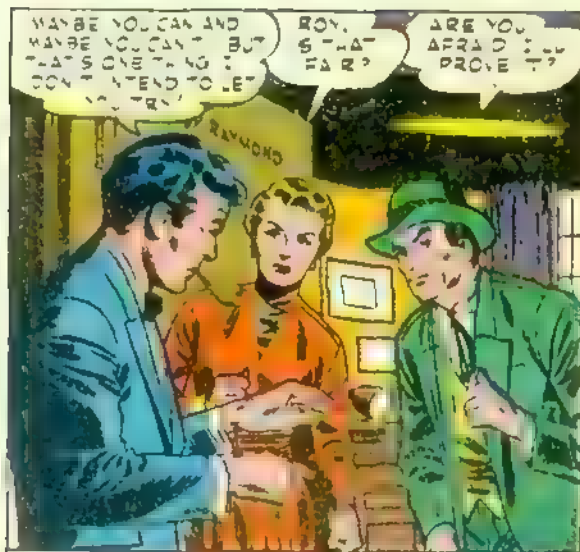














S-1000 AFTER IN THE LABORATORY OF THE UNIVERSITY'S GEOLOGY DEPARTMENT

AS YOU CAN SEE MR. RAYMOND, THE LAYER OF  
S-1000 EXTENDS DOWN ABOUT A QUARTER MILE  
- IT'S REALLY A LAYER OF LOOSE ROCK  
AND SO I AM READY

THAT'S FINE BUT I'D LIKE TO  
PROVE TO YOU THAT I CAN  
QUARTER OF A MILE DOWN - LET'S  
GO, KERRY



LOOK THAT'S NOTHING! NO THAT'S A NATURAL  
DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT'S A FLAG- AND TOWN  
SPANNER'S FOOTING PROVES THAT I'M ALREADY  
THAT'S MACHINE- CONVINCED OF THAT  
AGAIN? SPANNER'S A FAKE! BUT  
I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW  
ALL THIS IS WITH  
REVENGE?

PRESENTLY AS A C. R. S. ZERO PARTNERS TO  
ATTRESS THE EARTHQUAKES E. E. T.

MY MACHINE'S BEEN CALIBRATED HOLD IT,  
MR. RAYMOND, AND I'M READY! SPANNER!



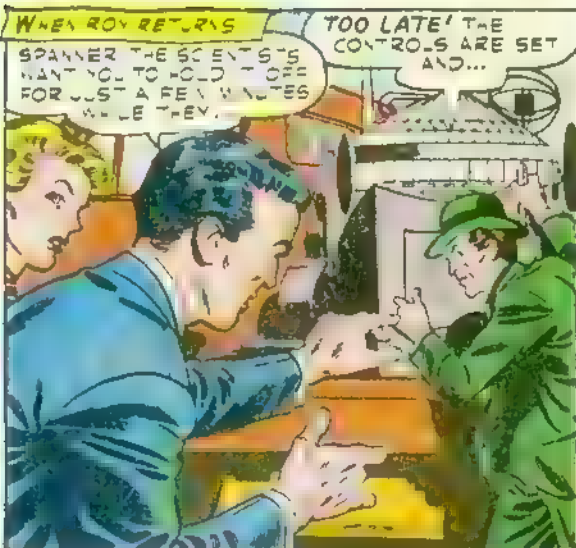
I THINK THE CASE IS RECORDED  
AND I'VE BEEN RECORDED  
AT ORDERED BY THE  
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE  
HERE I'VE BEEN  
PLACE!

RIGHT HERE!

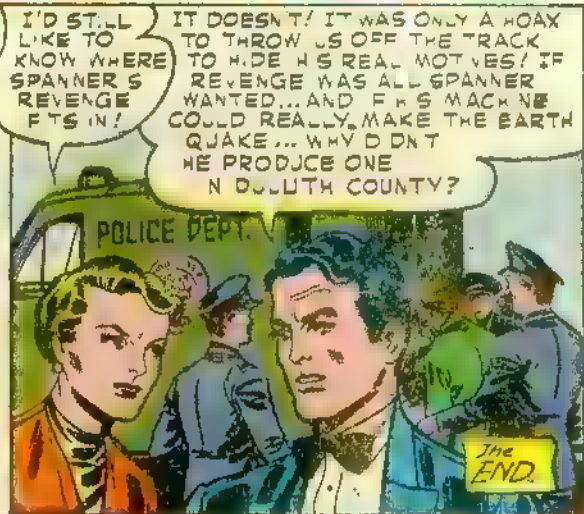
RIGHT HERE... AND ABOUT A  
QUARTER OF A MILE DOWN. E. E. T.  
THANKS. I'LL BE BACK  
LATER. I'VE MADE A PHONE  
CALL!











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**N**O ONE can read it. No one is even sure who wrote it, or when. It is the most mysterious book in the world.

It was discovered in 1912, when a New York dealer in rare books named Wilfrid Voynich found it in a chest full of ancient volumes. It is about eight by six inches in size, and is made of vellum, a kind of calfskin specially prepared for writing. Originally it was 276 pages long, but since then about 40 have been lost.

Many of the pages are decorated with some very strange drawings—such as a picture of a sun with a smiling face and stars all around, or a picture of water pouring out of fish-scales with a bird flying in the water. Other drawings seem to be of plants or animals. The entire book is written by hand in a mysterious sort of writing. The book puzzled Mr. Voynich as much as it would puzzle you, and he determined to see if he could solve the riddle.

He tried first to read the mysterious writing. But he ran straight into a stone wall. Experts in languages said that it was not in any known alphabet. Code and cipher experts couldn't make head or tail out of it either. This was especially astonishing because these same experts had performed such feats as solving cipher messages which had first been translated into Chinese and then thrown into a difficult cipher—all this without knowing any Chinese!

Mr. Voynich then turned to scientists. The drawings seemed to be of plants, animals, and

stars, and it seemed likely that the writing that went with the pictures described them. But not one of the scientists—even after several years' work—could say for certain what the drawings were of.

While all these experts and scientists had been trying to figure out what the book said, Mr. Voynich had been trying to discover who wrote it. The age of the book, the kind of ink used, the handwriting—all these indicated that the book had been written around 700 years ago. Because it was written in cipher, and because it seemed to concern scientific subjects, Mr. Voynich decided that the author was Roger Bacon, a famous English scholar of the 1200's who was far ahead of his time in scientific knowledge and who knew about ciphers. Mr. Voynich was not positive of this, but it seemed worthwhile to use the idea until something better came along.

By now, he was getting especially eager to read the mysterious book. So he gave it to Dr. William Newbold, a professor at the University of Pennsylvania, who was an expert in the history of Roger Bacon's time. Dr. Newbold set to work to decipher the text.

After several years of work, he thought he had discovered how to solve the cipher and thus how to read parts of the book. What Newbold did was to examine the cipher symbols under a microscope. Enlarged in this way, he saw that each symbol was built up of a group of ancient Greek shorthand signs. Dr. Newbold gave each sign the letter which it stood for, and then went through a com-



plicated process to decipher these letters and get the letters of the original text. These original letters then had to be rearranged to make the Latin words which formed Bacon's message—the text of the book.

Using this complicated process to read parts of the book, Dr. Newbold came up with some results so remarkable that he set the whole world of science on its ears. For his decipherments showed that Roger Bacon in the 13th century discovered and used the microscope which was not re-invented until 400 years later. The mysterious drawings were seen to be in reality pictures of microscopic cells. Other drawings proved to be of a spiral nebula and of a coronary eclipse—things which are only visible with a telescope. Thus Bacon must have discovered and used the telescope, too, and this would make him one of the greatest geniuses the world has ever known.

Naturally, with such spectacular conclusions, Dr. Newbold needed to prove that he was right. So he tried his shorthand-cipher-rearranging process on another old book by Roger Bacon, and discovered the story of a battle in 1273 between knights. When he checked old English records, he found that such a battle—long-since forgotten—had actually taken place. This proved to Dr. Newbold that his system was correct, and in 1921, he published his amazing findings.

He was instantly attacked. While many people thought that he had really solved the cipher, many others thought that he was wrong. First, chemists showed that the ink used in this book was very thick and that the surface of the vellum was very rough. Probably what Dr. Newbold had thought were shorthand signs were just accidental breakings-up of the ink of the cipher symbols. He must have imagined the signs, said the chemists. They also pointed out that the book appeared to be less than 700 years old; thus Bacon might not even be the author.

Code and cipher experts also had several objections to Dr. Newbold's results. The most important was the rearranging process at the very end of Dr. Newbold's deciphering method. Because so many letters were used, it was possible to get almost any text at all

out of the book. In other words, Dr. Newbold got one answer, but someone else could get an entirely different result using the very same process, and a third person would get still a different solution! This, of course, made all of Dr. Newbold's hard work entirely useless, for his answer was no better than anyone else's. Poor Mr. Voynich was as far from reading his book as he had ever been.

You may ask how Dr. Newbold had succeeded in getting the story of the battle of 1273 from another book using his method. The answer is that he subconsciously remembered reading about this battle and he used his shorthand-cipher-rearrangement process to get it from the other book.

Dr. Newbold was a very honest man—he did not try to fool anyone and he sincerely thought that he was getting the right answer to the cipher. But science knows that your subconscious mind stores up many more facts than you are ever aware of, and in Dr. Newbold's case, he was trying too hard to prove something that his subconscious mind rearranged the letters to get the one answer out of many which it knew would be correct. Dr. Newbold was not conscious of this, and it may seem hard to believe, but that is what actually happened.

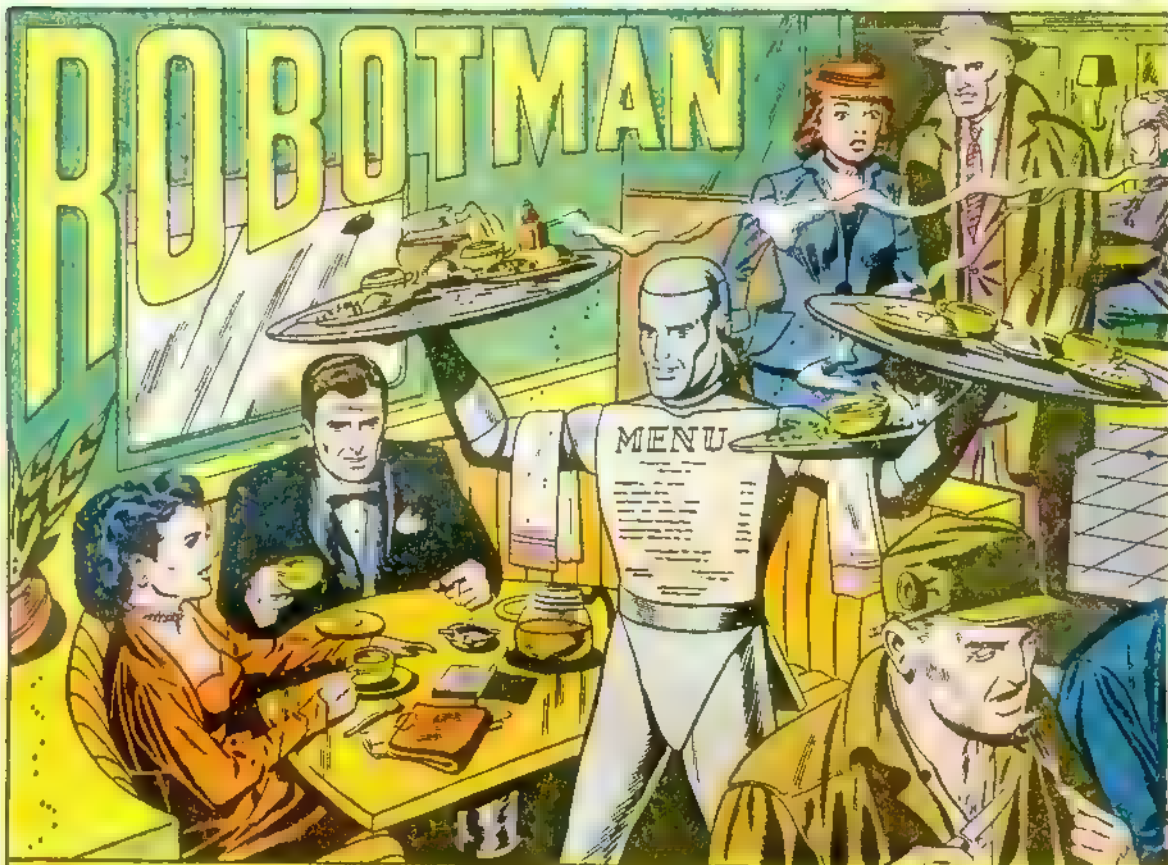
In the case of the mysterious book itself, he wanted so much to show that Bacon was a scientific genius that his subconscious mind selected the letters which would give a text that would prove Bacon to be brilliant

On one point Dr. Newbold trapped himself, for he stated that Bacon had discovered a spiral nebula—something which could not be identified until certain other facts were discovered in 1900. Newbold had these facts, and so could have used them subconsciously, but Bacon could not even have guessed at them.

And that's where the story ends—so far. Mr. Voynich and Dr. Newbold have long since died, their lives' desires unfulfilled. Until somebody solves the cipher so that everybody agrees on the results, the book will remain the most mysterious in the world.

—by David Kahn





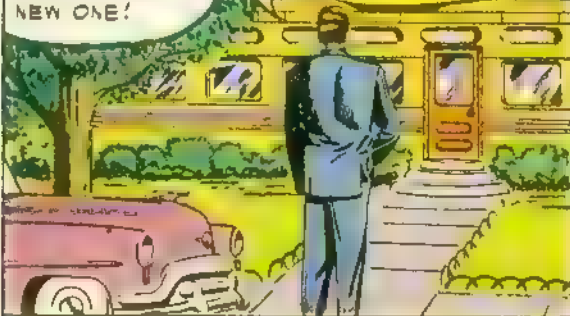
CAN YOU TAKE A DINER THAT ISN'T DOING A STITCH OF BUSINESS AND PUT TON ITS FEET? PERHAPS YOU CAN'T BUT ROBOTMAN CAN... IN HIS OWN SPECIAL WAY, OF COURSE... AND HE'S WILLING TO SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE! SO COME ALONG AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN...

**"ROBOTMAN  
RUNS A  
RESTAURANT!"**

ONE MORNING AS PAUL DENNIS SECRETLY ROBOTMAN... PARKS HIS CAR OUTSIDE THE DESERTED RIVERVIEW DINER.

MY BATTERY'S GOING DEAD! I'LL USE THE DINER PHONE TO CALL A REPAIR STATION FOR A NEW ONE!

**Riverview  
DINER**



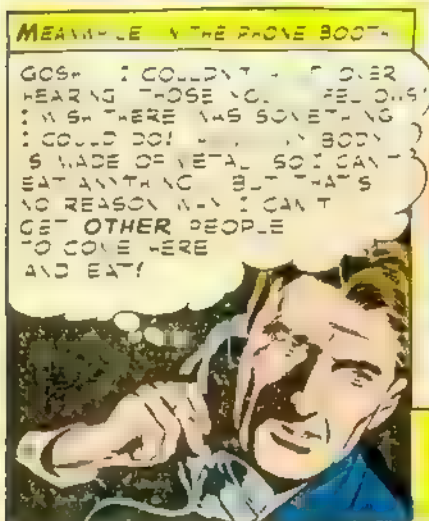
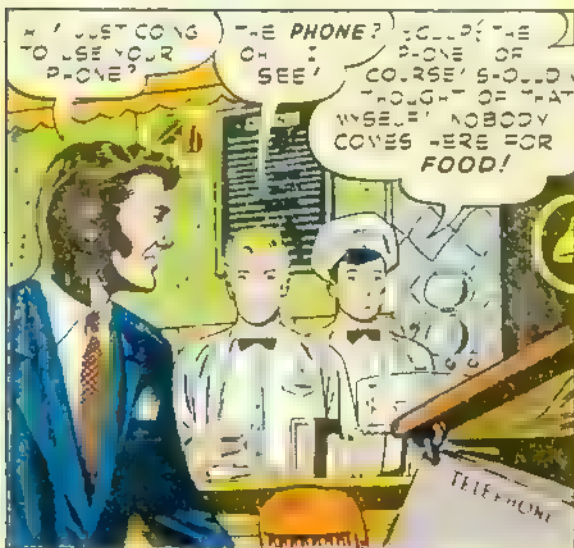
INSIDE THE DINER, EX-G.I.S BOB TRENT AND DICK ASCOTT STARE AT THEIR FIRST VISITOR IN THREE DAYS...

LOOK...A CUSTOMER DICK! A BIG GUY, TOO... HE'LL EAT PLENTY!

I'LL HEAT THE COFFEE!





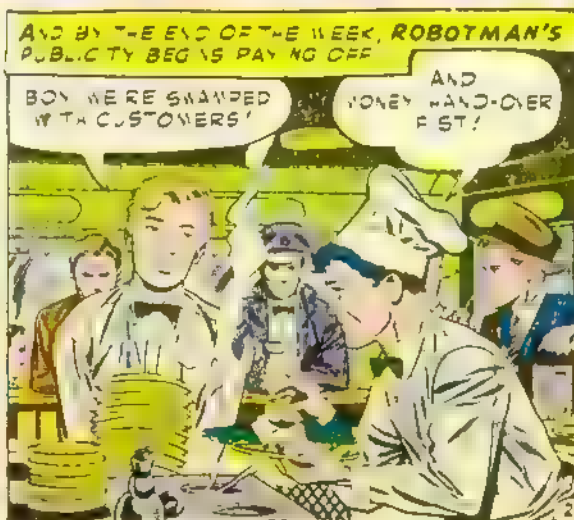


AFTERWARD, WHEN HE'S ALONE, PAUL HAS TO SHED HIS PLASTIC HUMAN DISGUISE

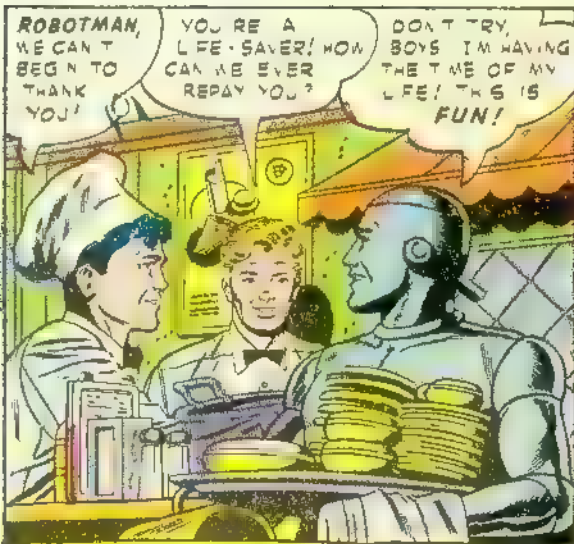


TO BECOME ROBOTMAN, THE MAN OF METAL WITH THE HUMAN BRAIN

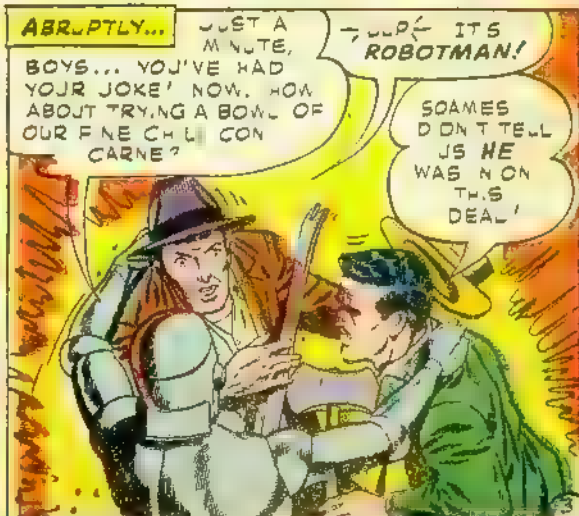
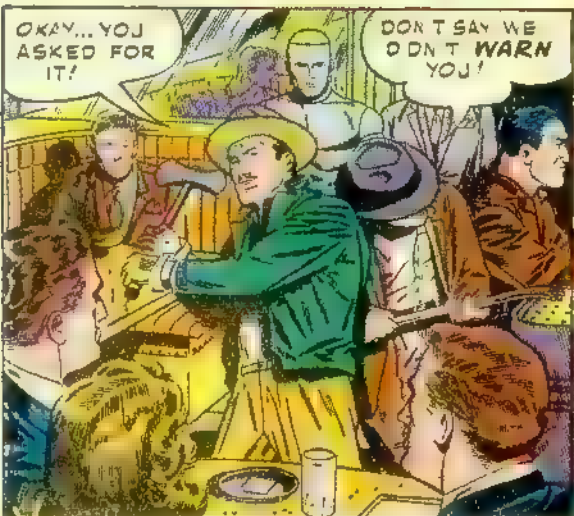
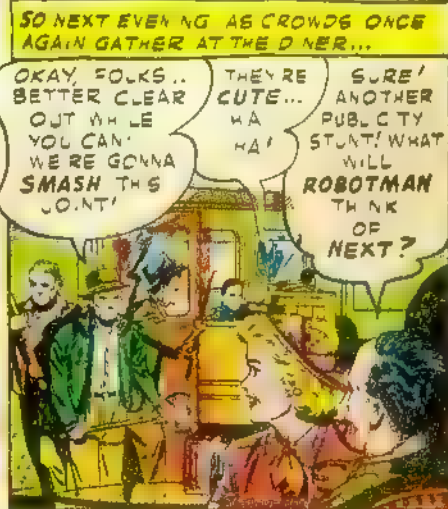
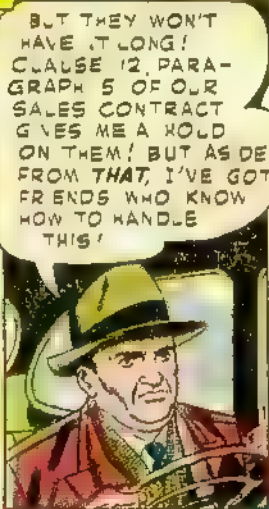
AND LATER ON THE MAIN STREET OF RIVERVIEW PEDESTRIANS WITNESS A STARTLING SIGHT







BUT AT THAT MOMENT OUTS DE THE DINER





WE HAVE THE HOTTEST  
CHILI IN TOWN! MORE  
RED PEPPER BOYS?  
IT'S NOT ALRIGHT...  
BUT DELICIOUS  
ROBOTMAN!  
POSITIVELY WONDERFUL!

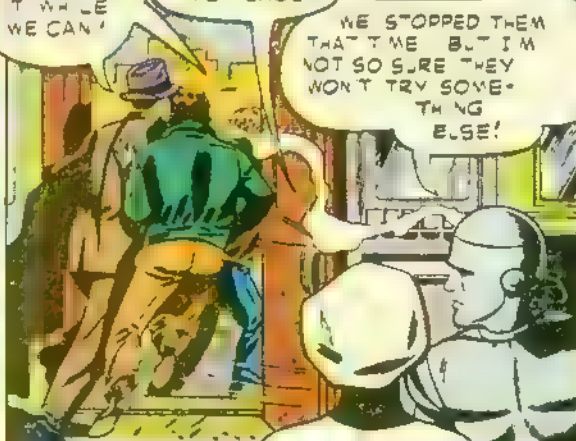


YEAH... I AIN'T  
NEVER TASTED ANY-  
THING BETTER!

SOON...

C MON  
LET'S BEAT  
T HILE  
WE CAN!

HA HA YOU HANDLED THAT PERFECTLY  
ROBOTMAN! IF IT HADN'T BEEN  
FOR YOU THEY'D HAVE WRECKED  
THE PLACE!



WE STOPPED THEM  
THAT ME BUT I'M  
NOT SO SURE THEY  
WON'T TRY SOME-  
THING  
ELSE!

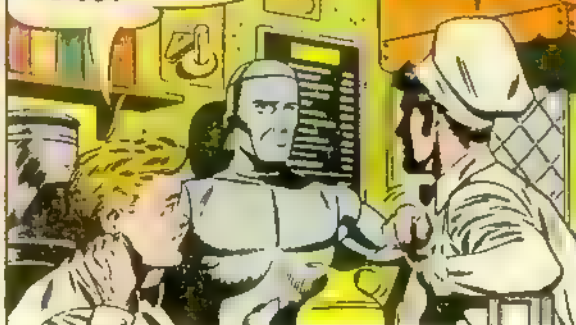
AND ROBOTMAN'S RIGHT! FOR IN THE  
NIGHTS THAT FOLLOW, TRUCKS CARRYING  
FOOD AND DRINK TO THE DINER ARE  
MYSTERIOUSLY JACKED  
AND DESTROYED!



AND BEFORE LONG, BOB AND DICK FIND THEM-  
SELVES FACED WITH EMPTY SHELVES!

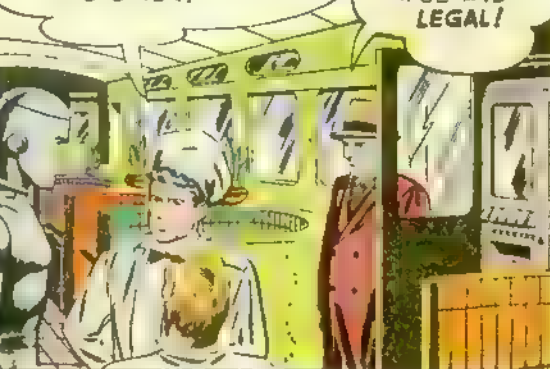
WE'RE SUNK NOW!  
NO MORE FOOD LEFT,  
AND EVERYBODY'S  
SCARED TO SELL  
TO US!

AND OUR CONTRACT  
WITH SOAMES  
EXPIRES AT MIDNIGHT,  
TODAY!



ACCORDING TO CLAUSE 2  
PARAGRAPH 5 OF THE CONTRACT,  
IF WE CAN'T FURNISH ANYTHING  
ON OUR MENU AT ANY TIME,  
SOAMES CAN TAKE BACK  
THE DINER!

AND BILL  
SOAMES'S  
HERE TO DO  
JUST THAT...  
ALL  
NICE AND  
LEGAL!



COME ON IN, BOYS! IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE  
WE'LL GET ANY FOOD IN HERE... BUT WE'LL  
GIVE IT A TRY! ORDER ANYTHING ON  
THE MENU! THIS TREAT IS ON  
ME!



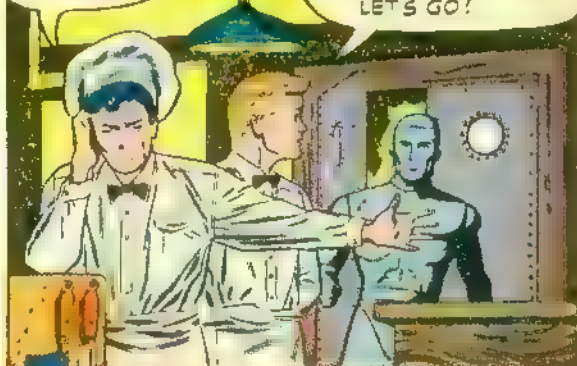


I'LL HAVE THE BEEFSTEAK... MEDIUM RARE...  
WITH A SIDE ORDER OF FRENCH FRIES AND  
COLE SLAW! OH, YES... APPLE PIE A LA  
MODE... AND COFFEE!



OH, WHY CARRY OUT  
THE FARCE ANY LONGER?  
WE CAN'T EVEN SERVE A  
HAMBURGER LET ALONE  
A BEEFSTEAK AND  
FRENCH  
FRIES!

SURE... IT WAS  
FUN WHILE IT  
LASTED BUT I  
KNOW WHEN I'M  
'LUCKED' GIVE  
SOAPS THE DEED  
TO THE PLACE...AND  
LET'S GO!



WAIT A MINUTE BOYS... LET ME HANDLE  
THINGS! EVER SINCE THOSE THINGS  
TRIED TO SWASH UP THE PLACE, I'VE  
BEEN EXPECTING SOMETHING LIKE  
THIS TO HAPPEN... SO I TOOK  
A FEW PRECAUTIONS!

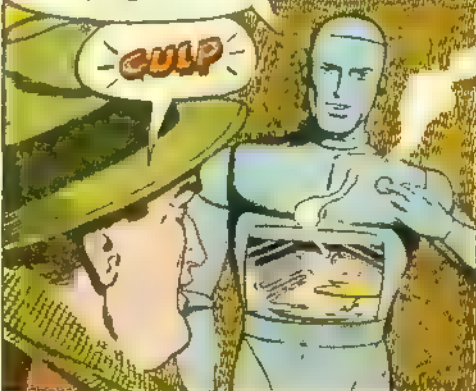


SO? AN EMPTY  
TRAY? NO FOOD  
HUM?

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT  
YOU SR! YOU SEE...



... WE'VE INSTALLED A NEW TYPE OF  
'FURNACE' WHICH COOKS FOOD IN A  
MATTER OF SECONDS! YOUR BEEF-  
STEAK MEDIUM  
RARE...



YOUR APPLE PIE...  
A LA MODE!

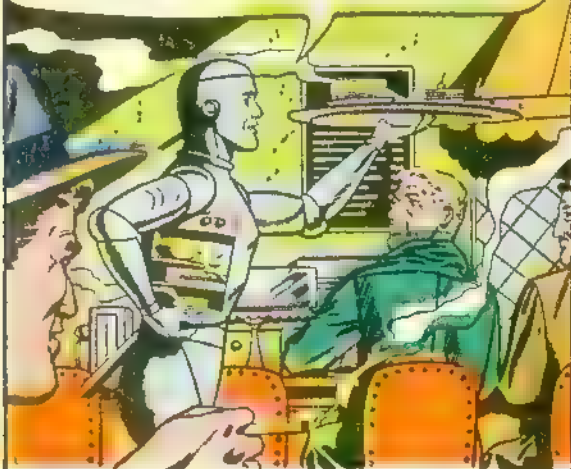


AND YOUR  
COFFEE...  
WITH  
HEAVY  
CREAM!

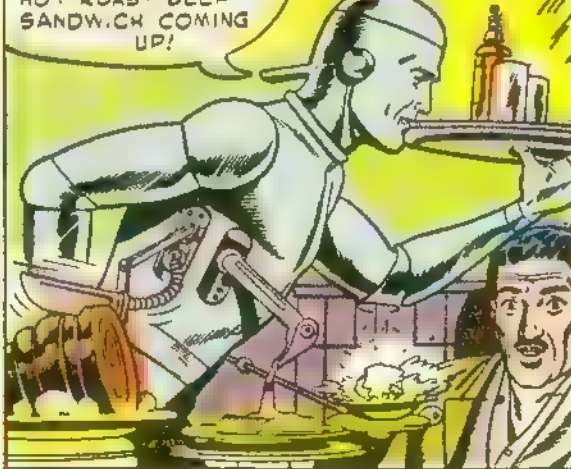




EGGS WITH A SIDE SERVING OF HAM...  
CLUB SANDWICH... FRANKS AND BEANS!

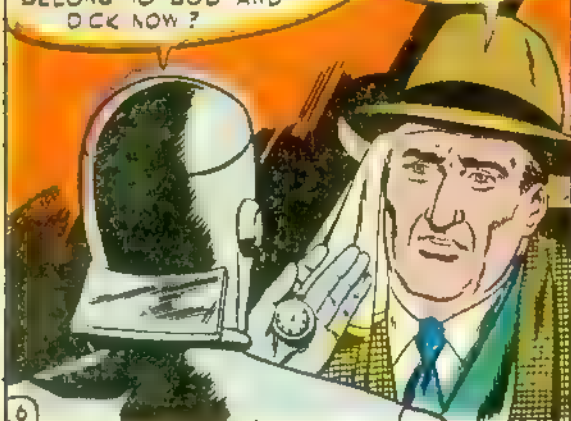


TOMATOES FRESHLY  
DICKED AND SLICED!  
HOT ROAST BEEF  
SANDWICH COMING  
UP!



WELL, SOAMES, WE'VE GIVEN  
YOU EVERYTHING YOU ASKED  
FOR! DOES THE DNER  
BELONG TO BOB AND  
DOCK NOW?

Y-YES... I  
G-GUESS  
IT DOES!



GOOD! IN THAT CASE, I'M  
TAKING YOU ALL DOWN TO  
POLICE HEADQUARTERS FOR  
YOUR JUST DESSERTS!



THE  
END

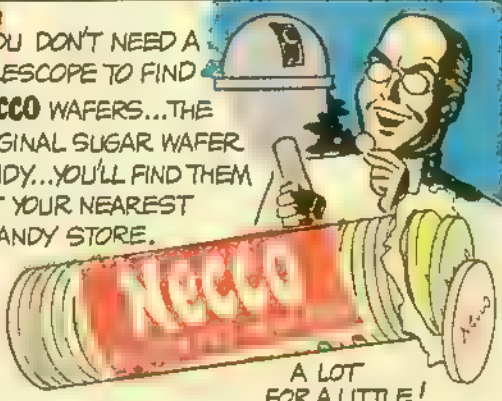
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TELESCOPE TO FIND  
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AT YOUR NEAREST  
CANDY STORE.



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FOR A LITTLE!



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A SAM SNEAD



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AND ACTION  
PICTURES OF  
YOUR FAVORITE  
CHAMPS

PASTE 'EM IN  
YOUR ALBUM



OH BOY, ONLY  
5 TO GO AND  
I'LL HAVE ALL  
60 CARDS!

DECORATE  
YOUR ROOM



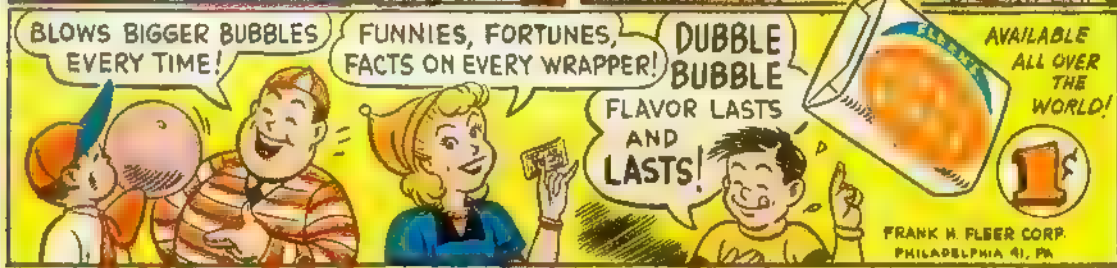
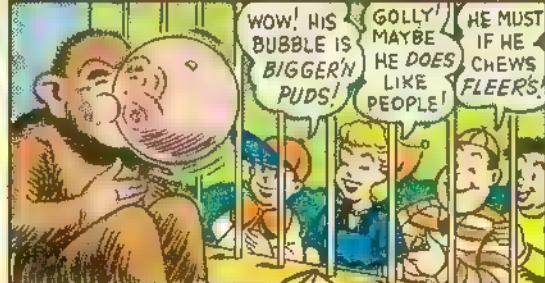
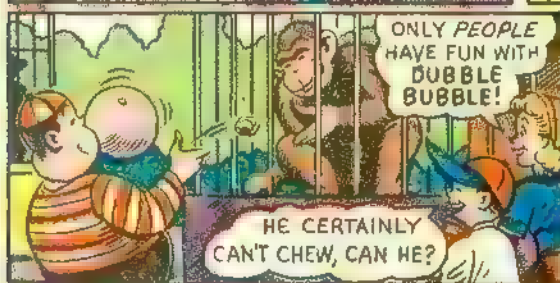
SEE, I HAVE MY OWN  
PRIVATE SPORTS  
GALLERY!

Easy to get!  
Right on your  
Wheaties package!



WHEATIES Breakfast of Champions





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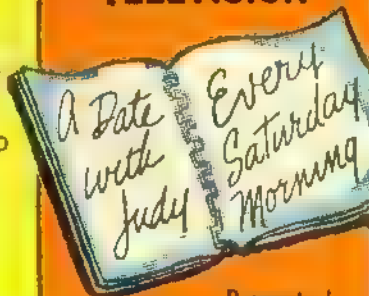
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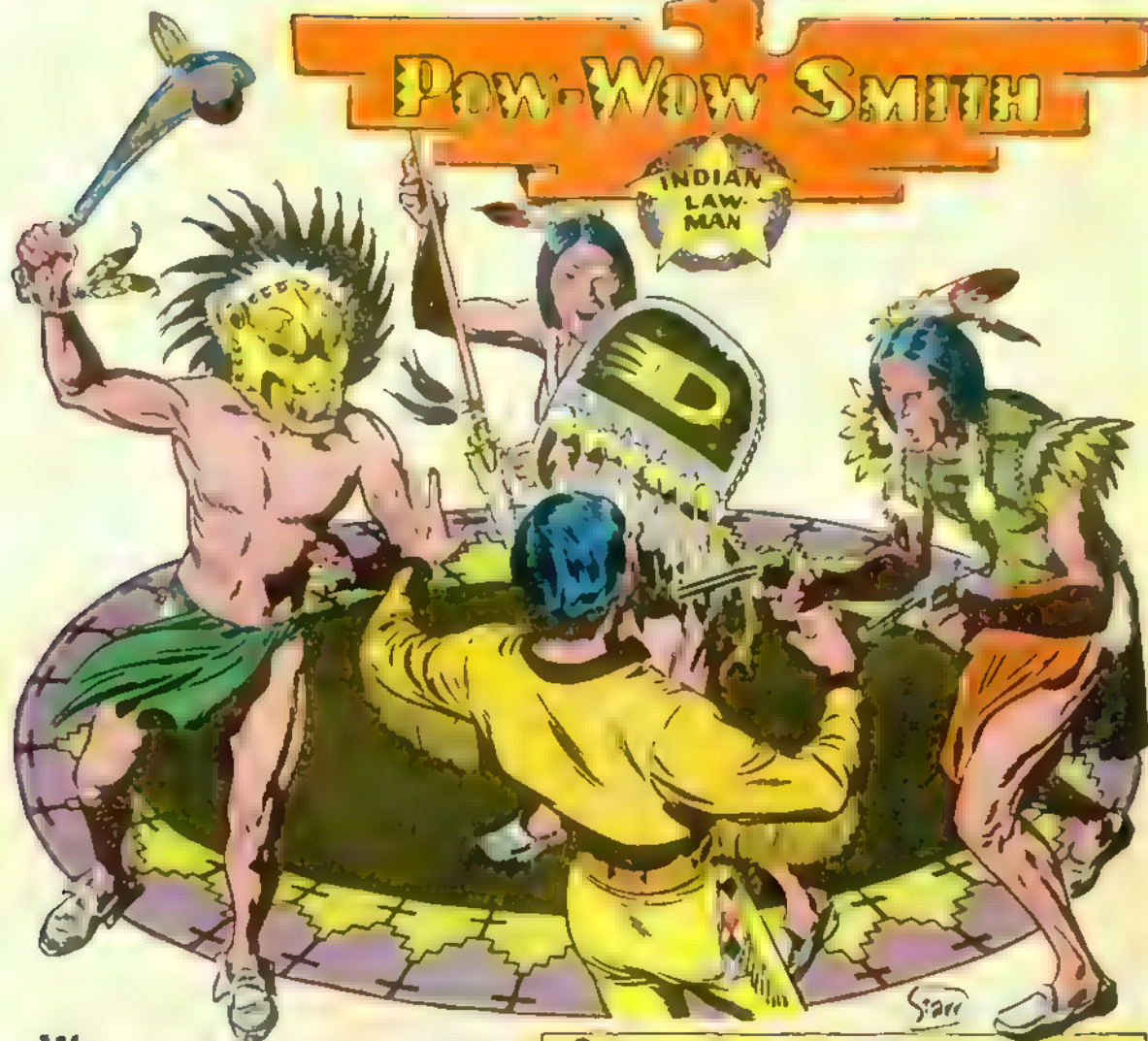
AMERICAN  
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# POW-WOW SMITH

INDIAN  
LAW-  
MAN



WHAT IS THE SECRET PURPOSE OF PAINTED, FEATHERED RAZERS WHO STEAL PRECIOUS HISTORIC RELICS-- ONLY TO LEAVE THEM ON THE DOORSTEP OF A REMOTE MUSEUM? AS SUSPICION FALLS UPON HIS OWN TRIBE, **POW-WOW SMITH**, FAMOUS INDIAN LAWMAN, UNRAVELS A DANGEROUS MYSTERY OF MODERN COLLECTING... WHY TO EXPOSE THE SENSATIONAL PLOT BEHIND...

*"The*  
**INDIAN RELIC**  
**ROBBERIES!"**

ONE DAY, AS THE SIOUX OF **RED DEER VALLEY** PLAN THE OPENING OF THEIR NEW TRIBAL MUSEUM...

"IT'S A GOOD COLLECTION, CHIEF **LONE EAGLE**. WE CAN BE PROUD OF IT!"

BUT I WOULD BE SO MUCH BETTER OFF, YES. IF WE COULD SHOW THE THREE GREATEST TREASURES OF OUR FOREFATHERS... **GRAY COUGAR'S MEDICINE MASK**, **RED ELM'S MAGIC WEAPONS**, AND THE FAMOUS **WAMPUM SHIRT OF BLUE CLOUD!**





WAR, THEFT AND TRADING HAVE TAKEN THOSE THINGS FROM US THROUGH THE YEARS-- AND NOW KALEFACES VALUE THEM SO HIGHLY, WE CAN NEVER HOPE TO GET THEM BACK!

I'LL TALK TO THE MEN WHO OWN THEM NOW... PERHAPS WE CAN BORROW THEM, AT LEAST FOR THE OPENING CEREMONIES!



BUT WHEN OHYESA (THE WINNER)-- KNOWN TO WHITE MEN AS POW-WOW SMITH, INDIAN DEPUTY-- CALLS ON STEVE CORWIN, A DEALER WHO OWNS TWO OF THE PRECIOUS HISTORICAL RELICS...

SORRY, POW-WOW, BUT I'VE JUST SOLD RED ELK'S SILVER SHIELD, LANCE AND CLUB! THEY'RE BEING SHIPPED EAST TOMORROW, TO A COLLECTOR NAMED JOHN RIGGS!

THAT LEAVES THE WAMPUM SHIRT PRESENTED TO CHIEF BLUE CLOUD FOR ESTABLISHING PEACE WITH THE PLAINS TRIBES, 80 YEARS AGO!



AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO TURN YOU DOWN AGAIN; YOUR FELLOW TRBSMEN THINK SO MUCH OF THESE RELICS, I MIGHT HAVE TROUBLE GETTING THEM BACK!

NOTHING LIKE THE TROUBLE MY PEOPLE HAD WHEN THEY WERE STOLEN LONG AGO! BUT IF THAT'S HOW YOU FEEL, CORWIN, I'M WASTING MY TIME HERE!



AND AT THE HOME OF HENRY HARTWELL, COLLECTOR, WHO OWNS THE GEM-STUDDED GOLDEN MASK ONCE WORN BY THE GREATEST OF SIOUX MEDICINE MEN...

WHAT?... LEND THE PRIZE OF MY COLLECTION TO A LOT OF THE V.N' REDSKINS?

YOU FORGET THAT I'M A REDSKIN, HARTWELL-- AS WELL AS A LAW-MAN WHO HAS FOUND MORE THIEVERY AMONG WHITE MEN THAN INDIANS!



SORRY, POW-WOW-- I CLEAN FORGOT. BUT THIS MASK IS SOLID GOLD, SET WITH ANCIENT SPANISH JEWELS. EVEN THOUGH IT'S INSURED FOR \$100,000, I COULDN'T THINK OF LETTING THE SIOUX BORROW IT.

IT WAS SAFE WITH THEM FOR A LONG TIME, TILL A CROOKED TRADER CHEATED THEM OUT OF IT MANY YEARS AGO! HOWEVER, NOW THAT IT'S YOURS LEGALLY, YOU'VE GOT THE FINAL SAY-- JUST AS CORWIN HAD!



CORWIN? WHAT ABOUT HIS SILVER WEAPONS AND THE WAMPUM SHIRT? NEXT TO MY MASK, THEY'RE THE MOST VALUABLE INDIAN RELICS IN THESE PARTS!

THE WEAPONS ARE BEING SENT EAST TOMORROW: AS FOR THE OTHER-- I'M SORRY TO SAY CORWIN DOESN'T TRUST INDIANS ANY MORE THAN YOU DO!



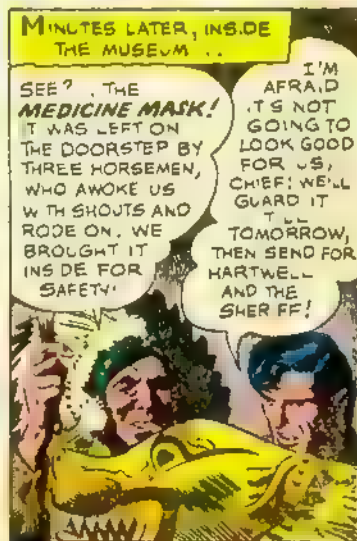
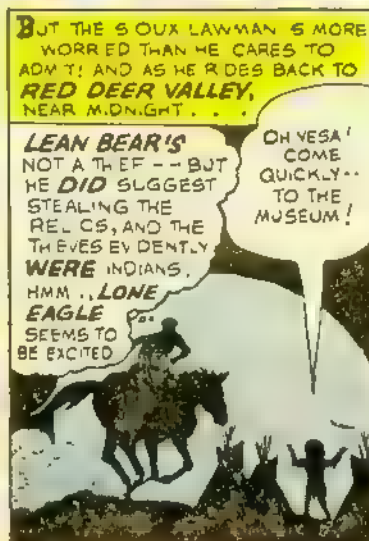
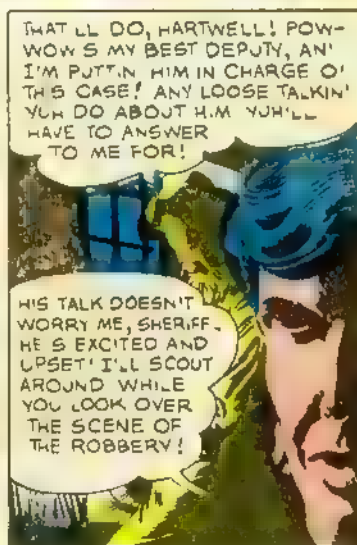
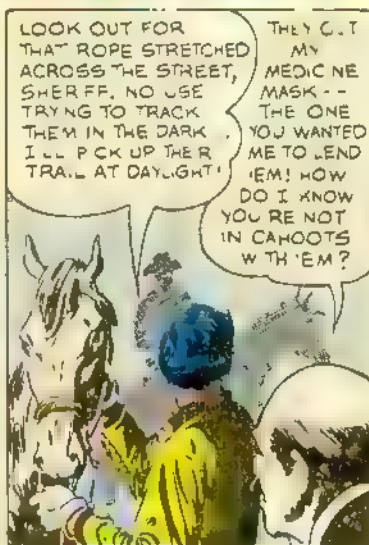
LATER, WHEN POW-WOW REPORTS BACK TO CHIEF LONE EAGLE...

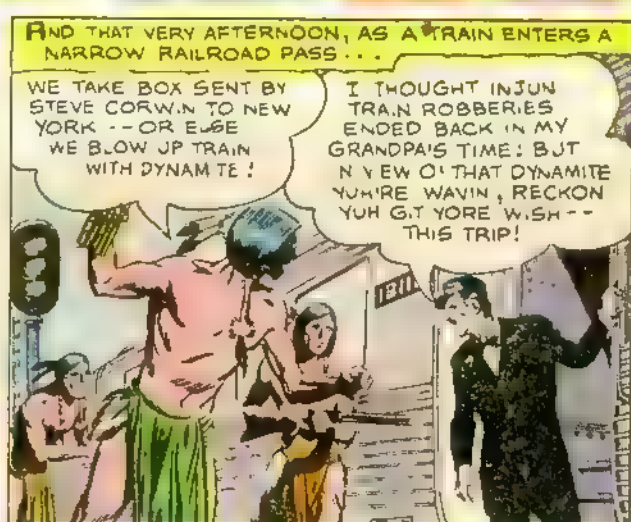
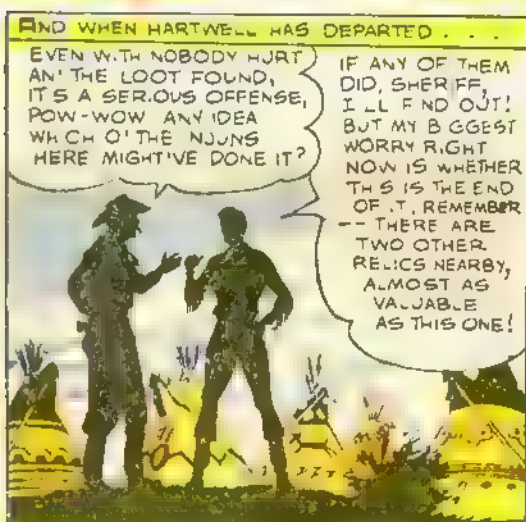
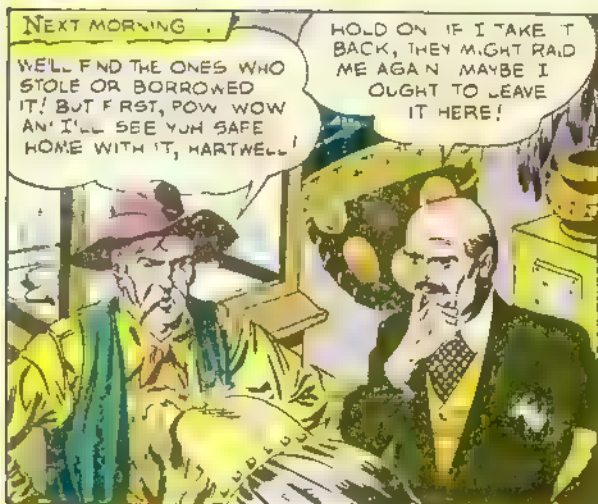
IT IS AS I FEARED. EVEN AFTER LYING TOGETHER IN PEACE FOR MANY MOONS, SOME INDIANS AND KALEFACES HAVE NOT YET LEARNED TO BE FRIENDS!

BUT THE RELICS ORIGINATED WITH OUR TRIBE! WE SHOULD HAVE THE RIGHT TO LOOK AT THEM, AT LEAST-- EVEN IF WE MUST STEAL THEM!







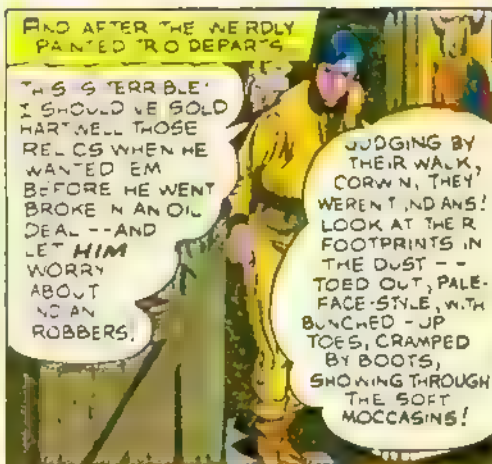






HMM... FUNNEST  
DON'T JOB I EVER  
SAW ON A  
SIOUX.

POW-WOW SHUT YOUR  
MOUTH! STAY IN CLOSET! ALL NOUN  
MAKE GET AWAY.



AND AFTER THE WEIRDLY  
PAINTED 'RO DEPART'S

THIS IS TERRIBLE!  
I SHOULD'VE SOLD  
HARTWELL THOSE  
RELICS WHEN HE  
WANTED EM  
BEFORE HE WENT  
BROKE IN AN OIL  
DEAL -- AND  
LET HIM  
WORRY  
ABOUT  
NO AN  
ROBBERS.

JUDGING BY  
THEIR WALK,  
CORNWYN, THEY  
WEREN'T INDIANS!  
LOOK AT THEIR  
FOOTPRINTS IN  
THE DUST --  
TOED OUT, PALE-  
FACE-STYLE, WITH  
BUNCHED-UP  
TOES, CRAMPED  
BY BOOTS,  
SHOWING THROUGH  
THE SOFT  
MOCCASINS!

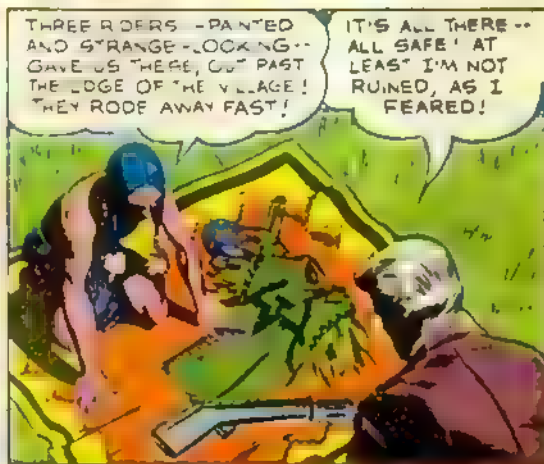


IMMEDIATELY, CORNWYN AND THE DEPUTY RODE TO  
THE INDIAN MUSEUM...

NO MORE STOLEN RELICS HAVE COME IN,  
OH YES! LET US HOPE THAT NONE DO, IF  
MY PEOPLE ARE TO  
BE SUSPECTED OF  
STEALING THEM

HO!

I'M AFRAID  
YOUR HOPE  
IS NAKED  
**LONE EAGLE!**  
SEE THERE



THREE RODES -- PAINTED  
AND STRANGE-LOOKING --  
GAVE US THERE, BUT PAST  
THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE!  
THEY RODE AWAY FAST!

IT'S ALL THERE --  
ALL SAFE! AT  
LEAST I'M NOT  
RUINED, AS I  
FEARED!



SINCE HARTWELL'S  
LEAVING HIS MASK  
IN THE MUSEUM,  
UNDER SPECIAL  
GUARD, I'D LIKE  
TO LEAVE THESE  
THINGS FOR THE  
PRESENT IS  
TALL RIGHT?

OF COURSE  
BUT I CAN'T  
HELP  
WONDERING  
WHAT WOULD  
HAVE  
HAPPENED  
IF YOU AND  
HARTWELL  
HAD FELT  
THAT WAY  
IN THE  
BEGINNING!



PRESENTLY, AS POW-WOW  
HELPS PREPARE THE NEWLY-  
ACQUIRED TEMPORARY  
EXHIBITS...

THEY MAKE THE RECORD  
OF OUR TRIBES GLORIOUS  
PAST COMPLETE --  
BUT AT THE  
EXPENSE OF OUR  
REPUTATION  
IN THE  
PRESENT

STRANGE -- THE GOLD  
IN THE MASK SHINES,  
BUT THE GEMS NEED  
POLISHING -- AND SO  
DO THESE THOUSANDS  
OF WAMPUM BEADS!  
NOW I'M BEGINNING  
TO CATCH ON.

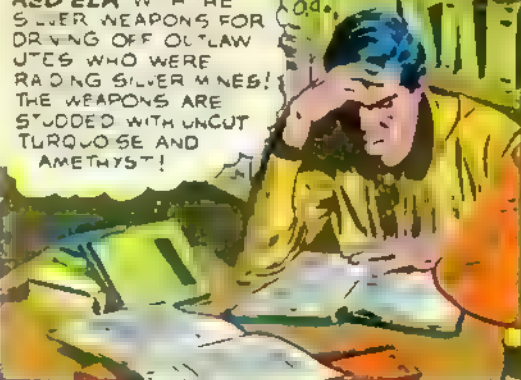


OH YES, ALL  
MY WARRORS,  
INCLUDING  
**LEAN BEAR**,  
SWEAR THEY  
KNOW NOTHING  
OF THIS, WOULD  
THEY SPEAK  
TO ME  
FALSELY?

NO, CHIEF! I'M  
GOING TO PROVE  
THEM INNOCENT,  
AND OTHERS  
GUILTY -- OF A  
GREATER CRIME  
THAN ANYONE  
SUSPECTS, AND  
**LEAN BEAR**  
CAN HELP ME!

LATER, IN THE TOWN LIBRARY, THE LAYMAN DOES SOME HASTY RESEARCH

TO FORGOTTEN SOME OF THESE DETAILS. THE STATE PRESENTED **RED ELK** WITH THE SILVER WEAPONS FOR DRIVING OFF OUTLAW JES WHO WERE RACING SILVER MINES! THE WEAPONS ARE STUDDED WITH UNCUT TURQUOISE AND AMETHYST!



AND WHEN HE ARRIVES AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

POW--NOW, THESE GENTS--SPECIALLY CORWIN--ARE PESTERING ME TO HURRY UP AN' CATCH THE INJUN RAZERS! TELL 'EM WHAT STEPS YUHVE TAKEN TO SOLVE THE CASE!

FOR ONE THING, I'VE GOT 'TRUSTWORTHY' WARRORS SEARCHING THE HILLS...--MEN I CAN DEPEND ON TO SEE JUSTICE DONE, WHETHER THE CRIMINALS ARE PALEFACES OR INDIANS!



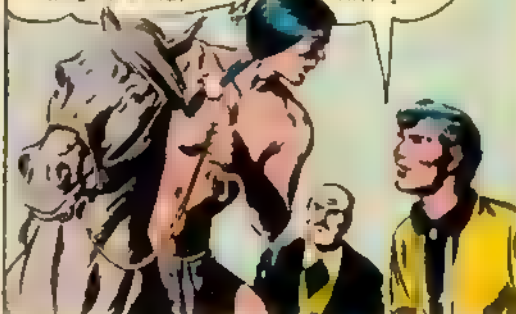
AS IF THERE WAS ANY DOUBT THEY'RE INJUNS, YOUR MEN WILL TRY TO COVER EM UP IF THEY ARE--AND SO WILL YOU.

HERE COMES ONE OF 'EM NOW--**LEAN BEAR**, A FINE YOUNG BRAVE! BY THE WAY HE'S RIDING, HE MAY BE BRINGING NEWS!



OH YES, HERE'S A STRANGE THING! **RUNNING WOLF** SAYS HE CAN BUY CHEAPLY A WAMPUM SHIRT EXACTLY LIKE THAT IN THE MUSEUM, YET NOT THE SAME! BUT HE WILL NOT TELL WHERE IT IS!

**RUNNING WOLF?** SOUNDS ALMOST AS IF SOME OF OUR PEOPLE WERE INVOLVED, BUT HOW CAN THERE BE TWO SHIRTS LIKE THAT?



TWO WAMPUM SHIRTS? SINCE ONLY ONE CAN BE GENUINE, THE OTHER MUST BE A CLEVER FAKE! THE QUESTION IS--WHICH ONE IS IN THE MUSEUM?

AND IF THE SHIRT'S A FAKE MY MAMMOT MIGHT BE, TOO! AND THE INSURANCE COMPANY WOULDN'T JEGN TO REPAY ME FOR ITS LOSS! I'VE BEEN OFFERED MUCH MORE THAN THAT FOR IT!



WE TOOK IT FOR GRANTED THE ITEMS LEFT AT THE MUSEUM WERE REAL... BUT WE SHOULD HAVE MADE SURE! SHERIFF, YOU GET OUT THERE WITH HARTWELL AND CORWIN--AND I'LL FOLLOW WITH AN EXPERT TO GIVE AN IMPARTIAL OPINION!

I'LL FOLLOW, TOO--WITH MY LAWYER! IF THERE'S TRICKERY, I'LL NOT ONLY WANT TO FILE AN INSURANCE CLAIM... I'LL SUE EVERYBODY IN SIGHT!















For  
EXAMPLE  
ON THE  
COVERS  
...of...



--JUST  
TWO  
OF THE  
GREAT  
MAGAZINES  
BEARING  
THIS GREAT  
SYMBOL!



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or MAIL  
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**NEW!**



## DAISY DEFENDER REPEATER

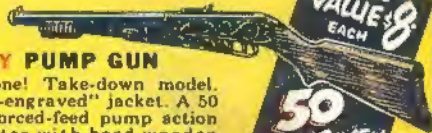
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